The Outlook

JANUARY 18, 1922

PROPOSED EUROPEAN CONFERENCE

A CONFERENCE of all European countries, including Russia and Germany, has been called by the Supreme Council for the first weeks of March to meet at Genoa to consider what steps can be taken for the restoration of the international commerce of Europe and the development of the resources of all European countries. The following conditions are attached to this call.

Each country has a right to choose for itself its governmental system, but foreign capital cannot be looked for to help any country unless the capitalists are adequately assured that their property rights will be respected, and this is not possible unless the governments desiring capital engage to recognize all existing public debts and to indemnify foreign interests for loss caused by confiscation or sequestration of property, and to establish legal measures for the enforcement of contracts; and all the contracting nations ought to engage to abstain from political propaganda in other countries and from all aggression on other countries.

It appears to us that this proposed conference is a wise step. Sooner or later the European Powers must live peaceably together if Europe is to recover from her present commercial and political anarchy. It is true that nothing in the past justifies faith that either Germany or Russia purposes to fulfill the promises they make. And it is more than doubtful whether foreign capitalists can safely loan money to either of those Governments without adequate means for compelling the fulfillment of any promises which may be made. But capitalists may be trusted not to loan their money without some better security than a paper promise from either of those two nations. It is true that Soviet Russia is founded on monstrous crime. But it is also true that the French Empire under Napoleon III was founded on crime and that the Russian Government under the Czars was not only founded but maintained by crime. The question for statesmen to consider is whether the Soviet Government of Russia is now sufficiently established to be a *de facto* Government with which they can deal. The very fact that it has already consented to this conference is an indication that its hostility to foreign capitalists has been somewhat modified by the tragical experience of its suffering people. The difficult question of American representation is one which is still to be settled.

CILICIA

IN our issue of January 4, speaking of "The Threatened Tragedy" to the Armenians in Cilicia, The Outlook intimated that protection might be secured for them by private influence brought to bear upon European Powers or upon the Turkish Government itself. We have reason to believe that this has been accomplished and that our Government has received adequate assurances that the imperiled Armenians will not be left without military protection.

MOHANDAS GANDHI

AT the recent meeting of the All-India National Congress there was a strong movement towards modifying the pacifist policy of the Nationalist leader, Mohandas Gandhi, so as to permit "violence for defense." The more enthusiastic of Gandhi's disciples have found it increasingly hard to refrain from physical violence, and now more than ever, since their leader's prophecy of over a year ago has not been fulfilled, namely, that if his supporters would refuse for a twelvemonth to co-operate with the Government it would cease to exist.

Gandhi, however, was able to persuade the Congress to continue his "non-co-operative, non-violent" programme. As has no other leader, he has known how to keep himself at the head of both Hindus and Mohammedans and thus to develop a common sentiment of citizenship. The people believe that, by reason of his experience in both England and India, he grasps the real situation. He has awakened universal confidence in his sincerity and incorruptibility, though his ascetism and fanaticism have not had the same universal appeal; they have nevertheless succeeded in winning for him the name "Mahatma" or "wonder-worker" and "saint."

Deprecating the violent scenes occurring on the Prince of Wales's arrival in India, Gandhi organized peaceful *hartals* (or the cessation of all commercial business) in the places to be visited by the Prince. These *hartals*, says Gandhi, "challenge the Government's might because its activities are evil. We want to overthrow the Government and compel its submission to the people's will. Free life is impossible under the present Government. We will have to stagger humanity, even as South Africa and Ireland did, but with this exception—that we would rather spill our own blood and not that of our opponents."

Here, presented in striking form, is the doctrine of non-co-operation and non-resistance. Query—will the mystic's peaceful boycott methods or the extremists' warlike methods prove the more unsettling to the British régime in India? With all its shortcomings, British rule has been invaluable there and is the only sure means of the people's development into a state of true freedom.

THE PRESIDENT OF SWITZERLAND

THE new President of Switzerland is Dr. Robert Haab. Like the other Swiss Presidents, he was Vice-President during the preceding year.

The Swiss have the politically steadying procedure of advancing their Vice-President to the Presidency. As the Presidential term is for one year, the people have the advantage of "sizing up" the Vice-President during that year and forming a judgment of what he will be as President.

Both President and Vice-President are elected by the Federal Assembly. It is composed of two chambers, a State Council and a National Council. They meet in joint session for the election. The State Council is made up of 44 members, chosen by the twenty-two cantons of the Swiss Confederation, two for each canton. The second chamber consists of 189 representatives of the people as a whole—one Deputy for every 20,000 persons.

The Federal Assembly also chooses the 7 members of the Federal Council, or Cabinet; its members are of course Cabinet Ministers, presiding over the Departments of Foreign Affairs, the Interior, Justice, Defense, Finance, Agriculture and Industry, Posts and Railways.

It is as a railway man that the new President has attained distinction. So far as we know, he is the first President of Switzerland to have been a great captain of the transportation industry. Born near Zurich, he took his degree of Doctor of Law at the University of Zurich and returned to his native town, Wädenswil—a delightful place on the Lake of Zurich—where he opened a law office. He was soon chosen to become Mayor of Wädenswil, and then was elected member of the Zurich Supreme Court and later of the Zurich Govern-

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ment. Here he showed such initiative and skill in railway administration that before long the highest post in it was his—the General Directorship of the Swiss Federal Railways, and that means all but thirty-four miles of track within the bounds of the Confederation.

A POLISHED COMEDIAN

SIR JOHN HARE'S recent death will recall to many Americans evenings spent enjoyably in watching his delicately humorous acting in such plays as "A Pair of Spectacles," "A Scrap of Paper," "The Squire," and other comedies that held the stage twenty or twenty-five years ago.

Hare was wise enough not to essay tragic parts or act in serious problem plays. He belonged to the class of good but not great actors, such as the Kendals, rather than to that of Henry Irving. His skill as an actor and influence as a manager had much to do with the popularity of Pinero as a dramatic author. Sir John had a pleasant and pleasing career of forty-eight years on the stage, from which he retired a few years ago.

A competent critic writes of Hare's talent: "The great parts of tragedy or romance were not for him. For these he had neither the necessary physical attributes nor the inspiration. It was along the lines of highly polished, cynical, or eccentric personality that he excelled. In the perfection of its detail his work might be compared with that of Meissonier or Holman Hunt."

BOARDMAN ROBINSON

AMONG the cartoons which we publish this week is one from the charcoal stick of Boardman Robinson, an artist whose work has been infrequently in the newspapers for several years. His great talents have of late seen the light chiefly in such journals as the "Masses" and the "Liberator," with whose aims he has been in more sympathy than with the aims of the more conservative journals. It was the Baltimore "Sun" which gave him a chance to convey to its readers his graphic impressions of the Conference at Washington. With Mr. Robinson's political views The Outlook is not often in sympathy, but it is a poor critic who cannot discriminate between matter and manner.

The directness, the simplicity, and the power of Mr. Robinson's method of presenting his ideas constitute a real contribution to American art. The vigor of his drawing is as great as can be found in the work of any of the Continental cartoonists. Like them, Mr. Robinson knows that, just as a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, a single line is the shortest distance between the artist's brain and the observer's understanding. His drawings are never cluttered up with those unessentials which mar the work of many American artists. We do not mean by this comparison to convey the idea that Mr. Robinson is ever a subservient follower of foreign mannerisms. We wish that more of his cartoons might be published, even if editors should feel it necessary to run them under some such general heading as "Cartoons by Boardman Robinson which do not of necessity represent our views."

BUSINESS IN GOVERNMENT

TRULY the Harding Administration is a business Administration. Not only did it pass a Budget Bill, inaugurating a new and businesslike system in Government bookkeeping, but it appointed a Budget Director who has been saving millions of dollars in the executive estimates. And now the first appropriation bill under his estimates lessens even them and is actually reported on schedule time!

Other bills will follow along the order of the schedule, and on time, so writes Representative Madden, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee, in a letter to The Outlook. He adds: "When the work of the Appropriations Committee leaves the House, if the House should not add materially to the Committee's recommendations, we will be far under the estimates submitted by the Director of the Budget, and that, too, without in anywise disturbing the efficiency of any service."

As to the present bill, however, criticisms have already arisen that the efficiency of the Government service may be somewhat endangered by the cut made in the Treasury Department Appropriation Bill. It carries a total of some $118,000,000 for Treasury expenses during the fiscal year beginning July 1, or over $12,000,000 less than the amount requested in the Budget and over $17,000,000 for the current fiscal year. The Committee eliminated all requests for salary increases, reduced the estimates for public buildings, struck out the appropriations for a Treasury vault and for the purchase of a site for an archives building, reduced somewhat the requested appropriation for the enforcement of prohibition although leaving the total $1,750,000 more than was available last year, and even eliminated a repetition of last year's special emergency appropriation for repairs to public health service hospitals caring for war veterans.

Coincidentally it is announced that in the final six months of 1921 the Government effected a saving of some $476,000,000 in actual expenditures, and, what is more, that the cost of operating the Government is approximately twenty-six per cent less than it was a year ago.

THE NEW SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

ONLY a few weeks ago The Outlook published a paragraph describing Senator Crow, who succeeded to the seat of the late Senator Knox. The appointment of George Wharton Pepper by Governor Sproul to succeed the late Senator Penrose is the occasion for another paragraph bearing the same caption.

The appointment holds good until the November election. It has been announced, however, that at the May primary Mr. Pepper will be a candidate for the nomination. This would seem to decide the question as to whether Governor Sproul would himself be a candidate. He has twice had a chance to resign the Governorship and win a seat in the United States Senate.

The new Senator is not one of the "gang," as they say in politics. He is irritatingly independent in local affairs and has not been seeking for place. He is a good example of the type of man who determines first to achieve success in his profession, and only then to offer his services to the State.

"Practical" politicians may take little or no interest in the new United States Senator. He has many distinctions, but none of them are along the line of "practical" politics as illustrated by his predecessors, Quay and Penrose. It may be said, rather, that Pennsylvania has replaced the fine legal mind of Mr. Knox by another like it. Since the death of John G. Johnson, Mr. Pepper, despite the fact that he is only fifty-four years old, has been increasingly regarded as the leader of the Philadelphia bar.

But he is more than that. Some years ago the Yale Divinity School asked him to deliver the annual course of lectures on the Lyman Beecher Foundation. The functions of this lectureship had hitherto been fulfilled by clergymen. But the Divinity School showed acuteness and courage in breaking away from tradition and establishing the fact that an expert critic of preaching might be found not only in the pulpit but in the pew. Mr. Pepper, who married the daughter of Dr. Fisher, one of the ablest men in the Yale Divinity School, is a very active and influential layman in the Episcopal Church and is a conspicuous figure at its General Convention. While he is also an authority in general educational matters, he is best known by his books on legal education and information particularly in the direction of common and Constitutional law. For many years he

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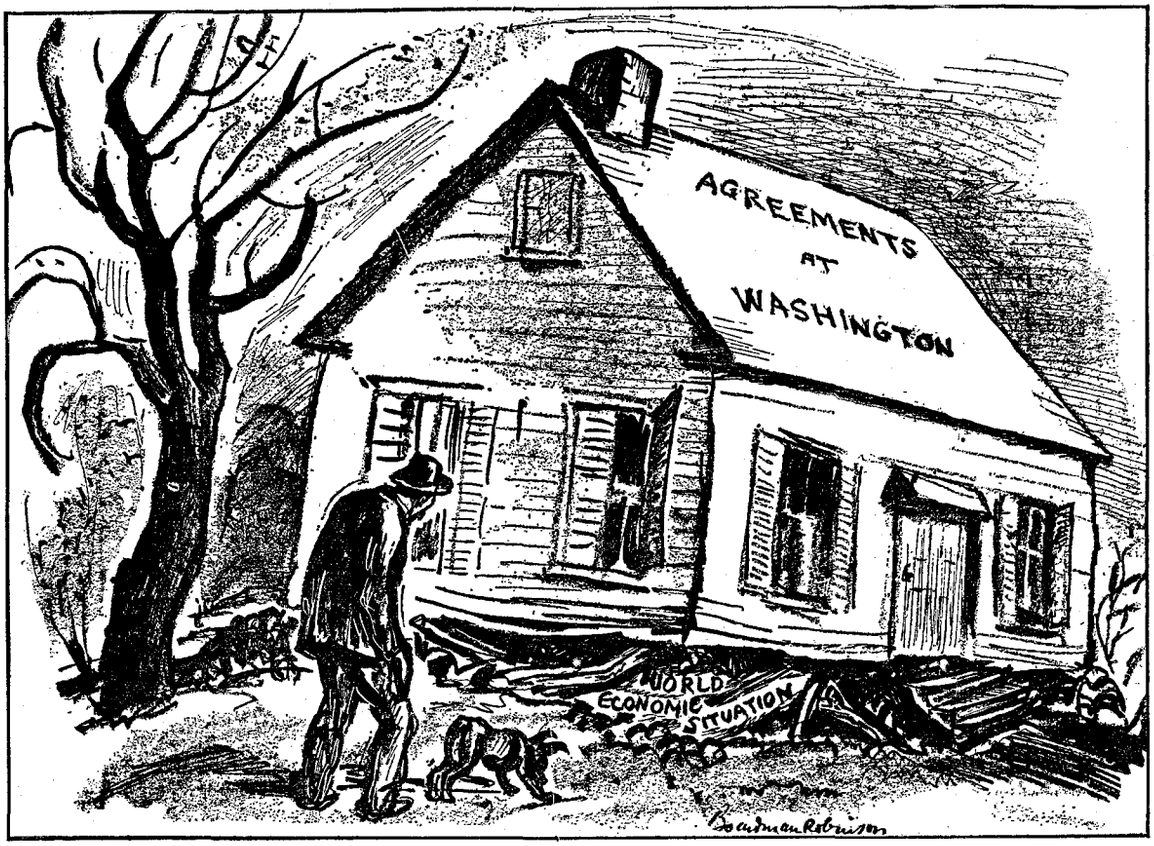
IS THIS THE PROMISED END?

(Lear, Act V, Scene 3)

Boardman Robinson in the Baltimore Sun



THE ROOF IS FINE—BUT THE FOUNDATION IS ROTTEN

Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial

HERE WE ARE AGAIN

In this case "Retail Prices" seems to be the Goat

Kirby in the New York World

A HAT THAT WAS MADE IN GERMANY

This cartoon from the New York "World" aroused the ire of a member of the French Commission at Washington, M. Albert Sarraut. He properly called this picture, which represents France trying on the spiked helmet of Prussianism, "an odious caricature"

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was Professor of Law at the University of Pennsylvania.

THE SENIORITY SYSTEM

SENATOR PENROSE'S death left a vacancy in the chairmanship of one of the most powerful committees in the United States Senate, the Committee on Finance. The Chairman of this Committee has also always been a powerful political figure and has distinctly influenced our tariff and tax legislation. The filling of this place is of special importance just now in view of pending fiscal measures.

The new Chairman is Senator McCumber, of North Dakota, a man of ability, the ranking member on the Republican, the majority, side. But he is not the greatest authority on questions of finance. If the chairmanship were to go to the best-equipped man, some one else might be the new Chairman.

But seniority tradition stands in the way. Because of seniority in ten important Senate committees, four chairmanships are held by men whose ability is clearly outdistanced by that of other men in these respective committees. The same condition persists in the House, and even more strikingly.

There is this to be said in favor of the seniority system. It saves an immense amount of log-rolling which otherwise would inevitably occur in order that a man might gain some coveted place.

Nevertheless there is a growing feeling in both Senate and House that some more efficient system must be devised, not only to expedite committee proceedings and make them more businesslike, but, in the last analysis, to give greater justice to the American public. There is small satisfaction for our citizens in seeing measures of vital importance to the country, as is the case at present in both Senate and House, in the hands of committees presided over by second-rate men.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIERS COME FIRST

THERE is a difference of opinion as to the purpose and effect of the suggested transferral of many hundreds of Public Health Service Reserve doctors to the civilian or Civil Service list. Inquiry at Washington by The Outlook's representative fails to establish the fact that such an order has been issued. The proposal is strongly opposed by almost everybody concerned—by the Army and Navy Departments, the Veteran Bureau, the Public Health Service, and most strenuously by the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. It seems to have been discussed purely as a matter of economy. The result, in the view of the opponents, would be to break faith with twelve hundred Reserve Corps doctors. The friends of the wounded soldiers believe, whether rightly or not, that there would be inferior medical service in the hospitals.

A correspondent in Washington in whom we have confidence writes: "While the Health Service has not been ideal in all respects, it has been very valuable to the Veteran Bureau—and to the suffering wounded men of the war—to have available its facilities and its corps of Reserve officers. Not only would the efficiency of caring for the soldiers be crippled, but the condition would be worse—it would materially upset and disarrange all the present plans which have been worked out only under the greatest of difficulties."

We repeat here what we said less than a month ago, that the one thing the country will not stand for is neglect of the wounded soldier; it will never accept a plea of economy in money as an excuse for lack of the very best medical care, suitable hospitals, and cleanliness. Large sums of money have been appropriated for this purpose; if those sums have been misspent, inquiry and punishment should follow. However that may be, the clear duty of Congress and the departments is to do their very utmost to help the wounded soldier regain his strength and working powers so far as possible, and, at all events, and always, to make him comfortable and contented.

OUR ALASKAN FORESTS

IN Alaska our National Forests contain some 20,000,000 acres and over 75,000,000,000 feet of timber of quality suitable for general consumption. From these forests come about nine-tenths of all the timber used in the building, mine, and fish industries of the Territory. Just now, however, public interest is centered upon the discovery that these National Forests include some 100,000,000 cords of pulp wood, used in the manufacture of paper.

It is no wonder that public attention should be directed towards Alaska with regard to this matter, for the price of newsprint has doubled since 1916, and, what is more, we are able in this country to supply only one-third of the raw material from which paper is made.

If forest devastation continues at the present rate, the price of pulp and newsprint will become prohibitive and the curtailment of all paper products, including newspapers and magazines, will rapidly change from a threatened to an actual calamity. So prophesies a bulletin entitled "Suppression of the Press," issued by the New York State College of Forestry, at Syracuse. What is to be done? The bulletin answers; we must have "less waste and more production; less burning of forests and reckless lumbering; more care and reforestation; better utilization, and a thorough understanding of the importance of forests to the health and prosperity of the people." This is particularly applicable if future supplies of newsprint are to be assured. Local shortages have already apparently caused many rural papers to go out of existence, a serious blow to small communities, even though the larger centers are still supplied with news paper at exorbitant prices.

The income-producing business of the National Forests during the past fiscal year resulted in receipts of nearly $4,500,000. At a time when the forests of Alaska have been profitably used (as is shown by the fact that two sales of pulp timber, aggregating 700,000,000 feet, have recently been made and that there are many pending applications), but within the limit necessary to keep the land productive, an onslaught is made upon the Forests by those who would co-ordinate them with other Alaskan governmental departments under one politically appointed commission. As Colonel Greeley, United States Forester, fitly says in his annual report, "there is no more reason why a separate and different system should be set up for dealing with the public forests of Alaska than there is for setting up such a system in each State."

AN ERROR FOR WHICH WE SINCERELY APOLOGIZE

Boston, Massachusetts, Dec. 28, 1921.

The Outlook,
381 Fourth Ave.,
New York City.
Gentlemen:

Your editorial of December 28, 1921, relative to Mayor-elect Curley contains a certain inaccuracy which should never have appeared in a magazine of your caliber.

The facts are that Hearst's Boston "American" most violently opposed the election of James M. Curley, probably more so even than the Boston "Herald," and used their editorial page nightly for that purpose.

You certainly owe the citizens of Boston as well as those of the rest of the country an apology for such an inaccurate statement.

Yours truly,
W. H. KERR.

WE find that a Boston correspondent who sent us news of the election stated that "Curley was supported by but one Boston paper." Apparently in a moment of editorial aberration we jumped to the conclusion that this paper must necessarily be the Boston "American." Having the political career of James M. Curley in mind, it was a natural, even if an unpardonable, error to assume that he had Mr. Hearst's support. We apologize both to Mayor Curley and to Mr. Hearst.

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MR. WHITLOCK'S RETIREMENT

BOTH Belgians and Americans must have received somewhat of a shock at the news of the approaching retirement of Brand Whitlock, our Ambassador at Brussels. He has been there so long, so prominently, and so efficiently that when he walks down the street all the men doff their hats and all the women and even the children bow to him. Why not? Who is there in Brussels who has not heard that Mr. Whitlock saved the city from the fate of Louvain? And who in Belgium has not heard of his successful protests to Germany against proposed outrageous exactions? No wonder that there are in Belgium post-cards showing Mr. Whitlock's likeness, that medals bearing his profile have been struck, that photographs and other portraits of him are on sale in many Belgian cities.

Mr. Whitlock has been in Belgium as our representative from 1913 to the present time. During the war he also represented the interests of England, France, and Germany there. He was in constant communication with the German authorities in Belgium, and his recently published volumes show how accurately he studied the German character and psychology. His six years' work as newspaper reporter and correspondent contributed towards this success as well as to that of his Mayoralty of Toledo, an office to which he was elected for four successive terms, declining a fifth. He returns home in the truest sense an international figure.

To succeed such a representative would daunt any diplomat but one of notable ability and experience. Such a man is Henry Prather Fletcher. A Pennsylvanian, a lawyer, and a Rough Rider, his diplomatic career reveals successive steps of deserved promotion. His service began with second-secretaryships at Havana and Peking; these were followed by secretaryships at Lisbon and Peking, with a Ministry and then an Ambassadorship at Santiago, and with an Ambassadorship at the City of Mexico. During the Harding Administration Mr. Fletcher has been Under-Secretary of State.

A POSSIBLE PICTURE FAMINE

THE pictures that appear in the pages of weekly and monthly publications are made, by reproduction from photographs or drawings, in photo-engraving plants, and these largely center in New York City, as with other branches of the publishing business. A dispute between employers and employees in these establishments has resulted in a cessation of work, and if this continues, there may be a dearth of illustration in current publications.

BRAND WHITLOCK

In New York City the organization of the employees, the Photo-Engravers' Union, has been one of the strongest of the labor unions. Prior to the passage last year of a legislative measure which restricted its activities, it had to a considerable degree dominated the engraving establishments, practically deciding prices and restricting competition, and even rating the employers as mere *entrepreneurs* in the following significant phrase:

> Whenever, in the judgment of the Executive Committee, any firm or combination of firms are selling or disposing of the services of our members at a price which may react in any manner to the detriment of our members and the photo-engraving craft, it shall be authorized and it shall be their duty to have such practices stopped.

In the pursuance of this policy a committee of the union might even demand to examine the books of a concern that was suspected of cutting rates or making discounts to secure business, and then order a change in the business methods of such a concern. A forty-four-hour week was instituted, with minimum wages of $50 and actual average wages of $59 a week. In spite of this system of rigid control by the union, however, last year the prices for photo-engraving, in sympathy with the almost universal tendency, underwent a marked decline. Consequently, on the first of the year the employers' association were forced to the decision that they must either re-establish a forty-eight hour week or reduce wages, if business at a profit was to be continued. Then followed what is called by the employees a lockout and by the employers a strike.

The situation as we go to press remains at a deadlock, with 1,500 men idle in New York City and with similar trouble threatening or actually existing in other places, including Philadelphia and Chicago. If in this issue or following issues The Outlook's readers miss its accustomed abundance of illustration, the explanation will be found in the above-described situation. We hope, however, that the disputants will "get together" without undue delay, and end a contest that, as with all similar ones, could have been avoided by conciliatory methods.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS AND THE KANSAS PLAN

NOT long ago The Outlook, in a discussion of the Kansas Industrial Court plan and the law on which it is founded, said:

> If this method of dealing with industrial disputes that affect primary products like coal and food and public utilities like railways is sound and stands the test of a United States Supreme Court decision, here may at last be seen that combination of arbitration and authority so long desired by many writers and thinkers. Ultimately there must be authority to settle such disputes or the trend to Government ownership and Socialism will grow.

An echo from this expression has reached us. It consists of an editorial published in the "Beacon," of Wichita, Kansas. The value of the editorial is enhanced by the immediate knowledge this Kansas paper has of the work of the Industrial Court. After quoting with approval the editorial comment in The Outlook, the Wichita "Beacon" points out that "the Kansas Industrial Court is cast upon the lines of a commission rather than a body of solely judicial functions." Working and living conditions found after due inquiry and attempts at conciliation and without formal court action are within the purview of the Industrial Court. Above all, the humanitarian phase is important. Thus—

> In its function of fixing a minimum wage it must necessarily treat with the humanitarian phase. In a recent decision of the Court it was stated that it was not sufficient that a workman should have a living wage. He must have a fair wage, which means a wage sufficient to pay the living expenses of himself and family, supply them with education and comforts, and provide a reasonable savings account for old age. The Court is continually running up against cases where it is necessary to invoke the humanitarian spirit. It is continually acting as a conciliator and a means of settling disputes out of court. One of its rules is that whenever the employer and employees get together on an agreement, the Court automatically drops out, and every encouragement is given to the settling of cases without court action. For this reason some of the most important settlements are those which are made without public knowledge—unofficially and informally, by the exercise of tact and the mediatory powers which are lodged and implied.

We agree with the writer of this interesting editorial that it is upon such

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lines that an industrial court should largely act. Nevertheless it has very large powers of legal action under the Kansas Industrial Law, and it is quite probable that in an extension of this method of dealing with industrial matters other States may find an open road leading toward industrial peace.

Mr. Gompers has lately been reported as calling the Kansas plan involuntary servitude and as announcing that organized labor would not obey the mandates of such courts as that in Kansas or the laws as laid down by those courts if other States follow Kansas's example. We hope that Mr. Gompers has been misquoted. He is not generally regarded as a Bolshevik, but a more expressly Bolshevistic utterance we rarely see. Whether such a statute and such a court as those established in Kansas are Constitutional will ultimately be established by the United States Supreme Court, not by the President of the American Federation of Labor.

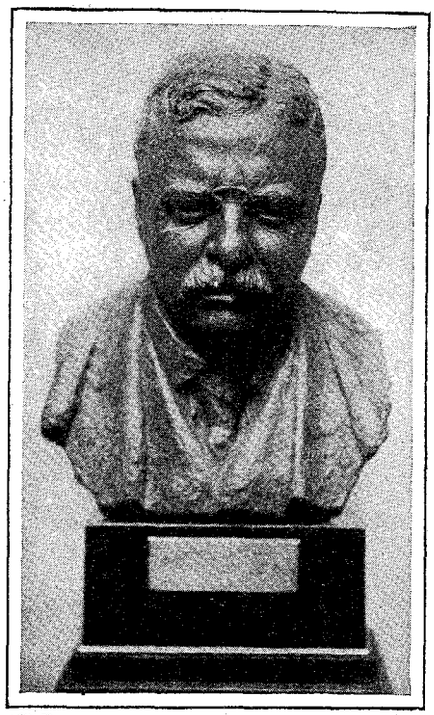
THE ROOSEVELT PILGRIMAGE

ON the initiative of E. H. Van Valkenburg, of the Philadelphia "North American," a group of Theodore Roosevelt's intimate friends and associates, especially those who worked with him in the organization and campaigns of the Progressive party, have formed an association called The Roosevelt Pilgrimage. The purpose of this association was expressed last year by a resolution proposed at a meeting of the group by Gifford Pinchot:

> We, who were privileged to stand beside Theodore Roosevelt in the memorable April days of 1912, resolve to return in annual pilgrimage to his grave upon the anniversary of his death; and we resolve:
>
> That we invite all who love the man and honor the leader to join with us in this recurring testimony of our devotion to his teaching and his example; and
>
> That we take such further action as will provide for the annual pilgrimage and will serve to keep alive a vital interest in the principles and personality of Theodore Roosevelt.

The first gathering of the Roosevelt Pilgrimage was held on January 6, 1921. On that occasion nine men journeyed to Oyster Bay. This year on the anniversary of Roosevelt's death about sixty men and women made the pilgrimage to the grave, where a very simple ceremony was held, which consisted of a reading of Roosevelt's Nobel Prize speech of 1910 by James R. Garfield, who was in his Cabinet. A wreath was laid upon the grave by one of the pilgrims, Mrs. Thomas Robbins, of Philadelphia. The company then, on the invitation of Mrs. Roosevelt, went to the home at Sagamore Hill, where after a simple luncheon they gathered in the great North Room. Dr. Lyman Abbott, permanent Chairman of the group, presided. Mr. Roosevelt's daughter Ethel (Mrs. Richard Derby) read from her father's handwriting the call for the creation of the Progressive party; Mr. Hermann Hagedorn read a poem which was discovered after Roosevelt's death to have made a great impression upon him; and after an hour of fellowship the meeting adjourned.

It is not the purpose of this group to create a formal organization, but to afford a means for the friends of Roosevelt to renew their old friendships and fellowships annually on the day of his death.



(C) Dorr

BUST OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This portrait bust, by James Earle Fraser, of New York, is to be placed in the Lafayette Museum, in Paris. A replica was unveiled recently at New Rochelle, New York, by Mrs. Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, a sister of the late President

IRELAND A FREE STATE

A PLEASING and peaceful cartoon in the New York "World" shows John Bull at the door of an Irish cottage politely saying to the peasant woman, Ireland, "Well, peace and good luck to you, ma'am." To make the picture absolutely complete it should have De Valera at one side sharpening his knife and Ulster in the distance muttering discontent.

Yet, if Ireland's troubles are not surely all passed, the seventh day of January will be a memorable anniversary in Irish history, for on that day the Parliament of the self-styled Irish Republic by a vote of 64 to 57 ratified the peace agreement with Great Britain. Later Arthur Griffith was elected President of the Dail Eireann and is expected to organize a provisional government under the treaty.

Just what will follow De Valera's resignation as President of the Irish Republic, his summoning of those who followed him in the bitter contest before the Dail Eireann to a new conference, and his open refusal to accept anything but absolute independence for Ireland—all this remains to be seen. Nor must it be forgotten that in the heat of debate Michael Collins, a leader of the Sinn Fein faction which urged ratification, declared in response to a question from De Valera that the present agreement would not end the Irish struggle for independence. As for Ulster's reluctance to enter the Irish Free State, it is admitted that the situation is a difficult one for the northern Protestant population. But Ulster should remember that the desperate struggle of the last three years drew much of its bitterness from the extreme action and threats of the Unionist party in the days just before the Great War. How far Carson and his followers went is told in the pages on Ireland in Mr. H. G. Wells's "Outline of History."

The best and the only true view is that the Irish people, apart from factions and theorists and past bitterness, realize that what is offered is substantial liberty and justice. The old acrimony and the old sorrow should fade before this genuine offer of self-government. We believe that Ireland is entering upon a new, peaceful, and prosperous existence. The agreement with Great Britain repeatedly declares that Ireland's status shall be that of Canada, and to assert that Canada is subject to tyranny or oppression would be preposterous.

In the words of the compact, Ireland enters "the community of nations known as the British Empire."

The outcome of what must have at times seemed a hopeless undertaking is a welcome proof that the arts of conciliation may prevail over the art of war. It is hard for the average Anglo-Saxon's logical brain to understand how men like De Valera could bring themselves to enter into a conference when they were determined to die rather than to accept anything less than that international independence which had been positively refused consideration before the conference began. Having agreed to negotiate outside that basis, it was wildly unreasonable to insist on that basis as the only one possible.

Ireland is now to be self-governed, to

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be a free state, to be a nation—for that word is used in the agreement, and the limitations of national power named in the agreement do not indicate that Ireland is less than a nation in the same broad sense that the word may be used (and often is used) in the case of Canada.

The civilized world is to-day congratulating Ireland on entering the family of sef-governed peoples. It may also well congratulate the English Prime Minister and his colleagues for their patience, good temper, and persistence in dealing with this difficult and delicate question. Ireland has been a backwater in the stream of democratic advance for centuries; hereafter she will form a part of that stream and will help in carrying the prosperity of the world at large as well as Ireland's flag and Ireland's national pride.

Kirby in the New York World

"WELL, PEACE AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU, MA'AM"

THE NEEDS OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE

THE creation of what is known as the "Agricultural Bloc" in Congress has at least served to bring before the city dwellers of the country a renewed realization of the pressing importance of the problems of American agriculture. If it has done no more than this, it has performed at least one valuable service.

It is a very trite thing to say, but, like the Ten Commandments, a thing which will bear frequent repetition, that agriculture is the fundamental industry of the country. Save in sporadic instances, it has never had the recognition which it deserved in and from our Federal Government. Read, for instance, the roll of the House of Representatives and note the comparatively small number of men who have made a profession of farming on that list.

We do not believe that neglect of our farm problems, as some of our correspondents apparently think, has been due to any general conspiracy on the part of those who dwell in towns and cities. It may have been due largely to the ignorance of urbanites, but in greater part it has been due to the very nature of the neglected industry. Our farming has been carried on by the most individualistic citizens of our Nation. Their individualistic frame of mind is a natural product of that physical and industrial isolation in which farming has moved and had its being.

This individualistic attitude has been encouraged in large measure by those who stand between the farmer and the consuming public. It is to the material advantage of the middleman and to the material disadvantage of the farmer and the consumer that the producer should not be able, through organization, to control his sales. "Divide and rule" has been the policy of the middleman. "Divided we fall" has been too often the fate of farm organizations which have attempted to better market conditions for our farmers. So far as scientific production is concerned, the farmer has kept abreast of the times. But, as Mr. Bernard M. Baruch pointed out in a recent article in the "Atlantic Monthly," so far as integration of his business is concerned, the farmer has been working under the handicap of a system which is at least half a century behind the times. It is in this same article that Mr. Baruch sums up as briefly and as clearly as we have seen them stated anywhere the demands of those farmers who are seeking a relief from present conditions. We quote Mr. Baruch's summary in full:

> First: storage warehouses for cotton, wool, and tobacco, and elevators for grain, of sufficient capacity to meet the maximum demand on them at the peak of the marketing period. The farmer thinks that either private capital must furnish these facilities or the State must erect and own the elevators and warehouses.
>
> Second: weighing and grading of agricultural products, and certification thereof, to be done by impartial and disinterested public inspectors (this is already accomplished to some extent by the Federal licensing of weighers and graders), to eliminate underpaying, overcharging, and unfair grading, and to facilitate the utilization of the stored products as the basis of credit.
>
> Third: a certainty of credit sufficient to enable the marketing of products in an orderly manner.
>
> Fourth: the Department of Agriculture should collect, tabulate, summarize, and regularly and frequently publish and distribute to the farmers, full information from all the markets of the world, so that they shall be as well informed of their selling position as buyers now are of their buying position.
>
> Fifth: freedom to integrate the business of agriculture by means of consolidated selling agencies, co-ordinating and co-operating in such way as to put the farmer on an equal footing with the large buyers of his products, and with commercial relations in other industries.

Certainly most of these aims seem reasonable both from the point of view of the producer and the consumer. That the financial authorities are coming to see the need for development along these lines is indicated by Mr. Baruch's sane and discriminating comment. Practical evidence to this fact is given by

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such a development of the spirit of co-operation as has been shown by the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis in its relations to the farmers in the territory surrounding that city. An article on this development from the pen of Sherman Rogers, our industrial correspondent, will appear in an early issue of The Outlook.

IS IT SAFE TO TEACH THE BIBLE?

SEVERAL correspondents have written to me in reply to an editorial bearing the above title published in The Outlook for December 14. They think that if the Bible were taught in our public schools the result would be the teaching of sectarian theology and that would be neither safe nor just. Two paragraphs from two of these correspondents must suffice here to put their view before my readers:

> Your plea for religious teaching in the schools—for such the reading of the Bible becomes—is one thing; what this teaching would degenerate into is quite another. Is there any doubt that it would become theological teaching? Is it not true that "religion" as defined in the Epistle of James and as defined by Jesus in his digest of the "laws and commandments" is as different from the average American conception of religion as "zenith and nadir"? W. S.

> While the Bible is all that Dr. Abbott says it is, what assurance have we that it will be taught as he sees it? If it would be taught only as a historical, political, and literary subject, there could be little objection. What people object to is the different dogmatic interpretations injected into the religious part of the instruction. That is where the danger lies.
>
> L. M.

Exactly what this danger is neither of my correspondents states explicitly. But it was stated some years ago by a Wisconsin judge in the following terms:

> There is no such source and cause of strife, quarrels, fights, malignant opposition, and war and all evil in the State as religion. Let it once enter into our civil affairs and our Government would soon be destroyed. Let it once enter our common schools and they would soon be destroyed.

The answer to these apprehensions is found in the facts of American history. The latest official reports are not at hand, but it is authoritatively and, I presume, accurately reported that in thirty-eight States of the Union the reading of the Bible in the public schools is by law permitted, in three of these required, in the others permitted. It is not recorded that in any of these States the Bible has been used to promote sectarian theology; there is no reason to suppose that in any of these States sectarian conflicts have been embittered or intensified. It is my impression, though I have no figures to confirm that impression, that the most bitter anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish journals have their largest circulation in those States in which the Bible is not read in the schools.

In our public schools it is, so far as I know, only read in the opening exercises, but in a great majority of private schools and in nearly all endowed colleges it is systematically taught. In few, if any, of these schools and colleges, except those which are professedly denominational, is the teaching conducted for the purpose of promoting scholastic theology.

In many of the colleges this teaching is supplemented by volunteer classes organized by the students themselves. And these Bible classes, instead of promoting "strife, quarrels, fights, malignant opposition, and war," are found to be a means of encouraging and increasing fellowship.

In many colleges there are systematic courses in the study, not only of the Bible, but of comparative religions. In these classes are afforded advantages for the study of the sacred books of pagan peoples and an opportunity to compare their teachings with those of the Old and New Testaments. Columbia University has, I believe, the largest student body of any university in America, and probably there is no university which has a more heterogeneous student population. The study of religion is required during the first year of the academic course; different professors take part in the courses of instruction. Not only do members of all the various Christian denominations unite in studying this course, but with them, pursuing the same study under the same instructors, are Agnostics, Protestants, Roman Catholics, Jews, and Pagans.

The Young Men's Christian Association is a Nation-wide educational institution. It conducts classes, gives lectures, publishes text-books. Bible study is an important part of its educational work. The classes are often large; the students always eager. No ecclesiastical conditions are required for admission to these classes. It would violate the fundamental principles of the Association if they were used for sectarian propaganda. They do not harden sectarian prejudice; their influence is to dissolve it.

Thus the facts of American life do not justify my correspondents' fears. It is true that historically religion has been a prolific source of strife. But the remedy is not to guard our youth against religion but to promote their acquaintance with one another's form of religious expression and phases of religious experience. Ignorance is never a cure for anything. Misunderstanding is never a means of promoting peace. Good will between Jew, Christian, and Pagan, between Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Agnostic, will not be promoted by keeping them in ignorance of one another's faith, but by making them acquainted with one another's faith.

In two respects I differ with my correspondents. I think that a study of the life, laws, and literature of the ancient Hebrews is peculiarly desirable in this country, and I covet for the boys and girls who depend on the State for their schools an education as broad, as generous, and as spiritual as the men of wealth can obtain for their children in private schools. And I am more democratic than my correspondents; I believe that the plain people of America can discriminate between religion and sectarian theology and can create and maintain schools which will promote the one without teaching the other. One of my correspondents asks me, "Is it wise to trust teachers who, like most Americans, are theology-infected?" I reply:

Whenever a State covets for its children schools able to give them all forms of knowledge and fearing none, it can find or create the teachers.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE BOY AND THE CAMP

ONE of the best ways for a journal to start a fight is to publish a controversial article on the subject of education, for every one knows how to bring up everybody else's children. When some authority puts forward a theory of boy or girl training, he is watched quite as critically by all observers as a man who attempts to poke up an open fire in a room full of people. There are almost as many theories in regard to the building of fires and the raising of children as there are fires and children.

So when Mr. C. K. Taylor, who, by the way, has studied at close hand a whole army of boys in their formative years, attempted in The Outlook for October 26 to point out the error which the Government was making in putting boys of sixteen and seventeen in military training camps which contained older men he quite naturally brought down a shower of both praise and denunciation. He was commended by army officers and condemned by army officers. He received letters which showed understanding and discrimination, and letters, like

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one from a certain general, which began, "I was so indignant at your article that I refused to read it."

Perhaps the most careful letter of criticism came from Chaplain Harry C. Fraser, U. S. A. We wish we had space to publish it in full. Chaplain Fraser points out in his letter that the officers chosen for handling the camps where he was stationed were hand-picked young men, eager to assume the rôle of instructors and friends of the youths intrusted to their care. He points out that the pace was set, not for the older men, but for the youngest lads in the camp, that the camp was isolated from town and from the Regulars and Guardsmen in the vicinity, that church and recreation facilities were afforded to all, that not a single or untoward incident marred the camp, and that parents, press, and boys were enthusiastic over the work and its results. Chaplain Fraser quotes as a typical comment from a parent a set of observations made by a Boston lawyer on the effect of the camp upon his son:

> 1. My boy came back more manly, with a broader vision and a capacity for making friends.
> 2. It took him out of himself, and, instead of saying "I did it," he now says "We."
> 3. He had been doing a man's job with men whose devotion to their work won his respect and admiration.
> 4. I feel that, instead of installing in him a desire to fight, he learned loyalty, obedience, and a respect for authority. This to my lad, in the process of becoming a man, is invaluable.
> 5. Most important of all, he was taught that service well performed is the best stepping-stone to success in any line of activity. My boy could have gotten that training in no other institution with which I am familiar.

Chaplain Fraser's letter deals with the camp at Devens, Massachusetts, but we have no doubt that in almost every particular it is equally applicable to other camps conducted by the War Department. Nor do we doubt the accuracy of the facts stated by Chaplain Fraser. We believe that Mr. Taylor will agree with us in this acknowledgment.

We are quite certain, however, that the statements of Chaplain Fraser do not vitiate in the least the main conclusion in Mr. Taylor's previous article, and that was that a military camp which contains boys below the age of eighteen and boys and men above that age does not offer a proper solution of the problem of adolescent training. The natural question is, Well, if you don't like this kind of a camp, what kind do you like? In reply to such a query we will refer the questioner to Mr. Taylor's article in this issue, in which he describes a camp for boys under the age of eighteen which, in his view and ours, would meet the physical and mental needs of those critical years.

Kipling's "Army of a Dream" was a graphic picture of an imaginary military system designed to create a nation trained and accustomed to arms. It was a brilliant, imaginative picture of a plan for the future that could never be and never ought to be. We do not think that Mr. Taylor has attempted to enter into a literary rivalry with Rudyard Kipling, but his imaginative vision has at least one thing which the great Kipling's dream lacks. Mr. Taylor's vision of the future not only can be, but ought to be.

"WHATZA MATTER? NO JOB?"

WE borrow the title of this editorial from the article on unemployment by Charles R. Walker, Jr., in this issue. It was to answer this question that the President last September called a Conference at Washington of many notable men in the world of labor and industry. The final report of this Conference lies before us in the form of a pamphlet 178 pages in length.

This Federal Conference on Unemployment has to its credit some very real accomplishments in the stimulus which it has given to private, municipal, and State activity. As a direct result of the Conference, Secretary Hoover, who was its Chairman, believes that more than a million and a half men and women to-day have employment who would otherwise still be idle. Noteworthy among the achievements of the Conference has been the increased sale of bonds for the construction of public works. Over $60,000,000 worth have been recently sold in 13 States, and $34,000,000 more have been offered for sale. These bonds were for enterprises to be constructed by municipalities and townships; $20,000,000 more of State bonds for similar purposes have been sold or are offered for sale.

The problem of unemployment is one which cannot be summarized in figures or realized solely by means of graphs. In the end it comes down, as Mr. Walker shows, to Joe Renick's bank account and Racinski's babies. It is a problem the measure of which cannot be understood unless it is looked at against a background of suffering human beings. This is what Mr. Hoover meant when he spoke before the Academy of Political Science and said:

> One of the causes of ill will that weighs heavily upon the community is the whole problem of unemployment. I know of nothing that more filled the mind of the recent Conference, while dealing mainly with emergency matters, than the necessity to develop further remedy, first, for the vast calamities of unemployment in the cyclic periods of depression, and, second, some assurance to the individual of reasonable economic security—to remove the fear of total family disaster in loss of the job.

It is because the Conference has approached the problem of unemployment from this angle that it has had the vision, not only to attempt to relieve present conditions, but also to plan largely and broadly for the future. Cycles of industrial depression have been regarded in the past as necessary attributes of our industrial system. Again to quote Mr. Hoover:

> I am not one who regards these matters as incalculable. Thirty years ago our business community considered the cyclic financial panic as inevitable. We know now we have cured it through the Federal Reserve System. The problem requires study. It, like our banking system, requires a solution consonant with American institutions and thought. Many American industries are themselves finding solutions. There is a solution somewhere, and its working out will be the greatest blessing yet given to our economic system, both to the employer and the employee.

Mr. Edward Eyre Hunt, in The Outlook for January 4, described the Kenyon Bill for the long-range planning of public works, a bill which is a realization of one of the most important conclusions of the Unemployment Conference. The principle of this bill involves the creation of a financial reserve in time of prosperity for the deliberate purpose of improvement and expansion in time of depression. This bill, if it becomes law, may be the starting-point for the elimination of much of the suffering which has been caused by cycles of depression in the past. It establishes a principle which, if faithfully adhered to by States, municipalities, and industrial concerns, would practically iron out our present fluctuations in employment. Our present system of building and improving plant equipment when material costs are at a peak and labor is at a premium reacts to the profound disadvantage of both manufacturer and consumer. If we can arrive at such a state of intelligent organization of industry that we build when costs are low and men are in need of employment, the radicals will lose one of their best arguments against society as it is now organized. If such a development occurs, the recent Conference on Unemployment will be looked back to as a historic occasion.

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NEARING COMPLETION

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE ARMAMENT CONFERENCE AT WASHINGTON

BY ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

ANY one who has built a house knows despair. As the day for moving in approaches the impossibility of ever living in that house seems more and more evident. The walls are up, the roof is shingled, the windows are in, the doors are hung; but the house looks as if it were never going to be habitable. There is still that drain to be finished. The kitchen closet is in the wrong place, and has to be torn down and rebuilt. The painters are ready to begin, but have to wait till the carpenters get through. What with this delay about the plumbing and that about the electric-light fixtures and others that are unexpectedly announced each morning—delays that are explicable and indeed unavoidable—the exhilaration that began with the planning and rose when the foundations were laid and continued as the main structure took shape has oozed, and in its place there is only the wish that the whole process were over and done with.

That is about the way it is with the Armament Conference at the close of the first week of the new year.

In building such a structure there are bound to be disappointments. We had no idea the chimneys were going to look like that—they didn't look like that to us in the architect's sketch. Do they draw? Oh, yes; they draw beautifully. It is too bad that we had to abandon the wing we had planned; but the day may come when we can add that. There is a good deal of grading to be done, and that will take a long time. True; but in the meantime we can live in the house quite comfortably. Besides, the house is much larger and better than any of us expected—if we only take the trouble to recall how modest our expectations were. Of course some of us fancied a palace—in fact, a gimcrack affair that would not have answered for a dwelling at all. Disappointment that follows unreasonable expectation is itself unreasonable. In fact, it is a form of tribute to real success.

When the Conference was called, the tension between Japan and the United States was a cause for some anxiety. The relation between the two countries was not such as to portend conflict, but it was not such as one likes to see between friends. The situation was sufficiently unpleasant to lead students of international relations to examine it to see if it contained any elements that might become causes of war; and, though there was nothing which would lead a government not bereft of its senses to begin hostilities on either side, there were occasions of friction and misunderstanding. In particular, the Japanese people and the Japanese Government were increasingly suspicious of America's purposes and in fear of America's power. On the other side, America was becoming more and more doubtful about the alliance between Britain and Japan. While the Japanese were wondering what country America was building her great navy against Americans were wondering what country the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was directed against. Japan was sure that the United States had no prospect of war with Great Britain or any other European Power, and consequently felt that she must be the Power which the United States was viewing with hostility. On the other side, America, knowing that the original object of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance had vanished with Japan's defeat of Russia and its secondary object had been removed by the defeat of Germany in the World War, was coming to the conclusion that Japan must have been holding fast to it with a view to possible hostilities with America. Neutral observers were coming to the conclusion that war was brewing in the Pacific.

Now that mutual suspicion has been dissipated.

When at the very beginning of this Conference America laid her plans openly on the table, offering to abandon her naval programme and render herself impotent to start a naval war by an attack in the western Pacific, asking only that Japan respond in kind, Japan received proof of America's friendliness.

And when by the substitution of the Four Power Treaty, a non-military agreement of mutual respect and confidence, the way was opened for scrapping the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, America received assurance of Japan's friendliness.

Even when groundless, fear of war has an evil effect. In America it has been of aid to the demagogue; in Japan it has lent strength to the power of the militarists. Now such fear not only is groundless but manifestly appears groundless. War in the Pacific would have been senseless in any case; equally senseless now is the fear of it.

A comparison of the relation between these two countries alone as it was before the Conference and that relation as it is now serves thus as a measure of the Conference's achievement. But it is only one measure. A change of like kind (though there may not have been occasion for a change in like degree) between all the nations engaged in conferring together here in Washington has been evident. In spite of one or two episodes during which delegates spoke sharply, the whole course of the Conference has been marked by good feeling. Indeed, the very frankness and publicity distinctive of this Conference which led to these episodes—breezes that ruffled the surface of the waters, as one delegate termed them—may fairly be held accountable for the good feeling and friendliness. There have been discussions and compromises, but even the most assiduous sleuths among the correspondents have not been able to bring to light any identifiable case of intrigue. Far more important than any limitation in naval armament has been the effect of this Conference in moral disarmament.

It is not the naval ratio or the Four Power Treaty or the Root Resolutions on China, or the new rules about submarines, or any decision about poison gas, or Shantung, or Manchuria, or Siberia, that may come out of this Conference, or all of them put together, that constitute the main structure which has been erected here; it is rather this new relationship between nations, this newly established habit of dealing with international questions, this practice of co-operation.

Nobody can intelligently claim that the structure is perfect. English and French, Chinese and Japanese, elements in the architecture do not yet quite harmonize; but these are subject to modification. As a whole, however, the structure is a great improvement upon what has served the nations for a habitable dwelling and seems to be substantial.

Having surveyed the building as a whole, let us examine now some of the doors and windows that have just been put in and some of the fixtures that are ready for installation.

One of the most important features that have been decided upon is the limitation of airplane carriers. In order to understand this, it is necessary to consider the purpose of a navy. If naval vessels are to be anything more than mere raiders, harassing commerce or coasts, they must be strong enough to seize and hold strategic positions. Vessels that can do this are capital ships. They are the vessels, and the only vessels, that can win naval wars. Among the ancients they were biremes or triremes, vessels propelled by banks of oars. To-day they are the huge floating fortresses known, according to their armor and speed, as battleships or

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battle-cruisers. At present all that has limited the size of them, the power of the guns they carry, and their defensive armor is their cost—including the cost of docks and canals and the like adapted to their use. This Conference has not only limited their number, but has limited their size and the caliber of the guns they can carry. But conceivably the present form of the capital ship might, with the development of aircraft, become obsolete. Aircraft alone cannot become capital ships, but they can perhaps become the chief weapon of capital ships. That is, instead of carrying guns, the capital ship may conceivably carry aircraft. Instead of releasing a high-explosive shell the capital ship may conceivably release an airplane to drop a bomb or torpedo or to fight other airplanes. In that case the capital ship would be what we now call an airplane carrier. If, then, airplane carriers were not limited in tonnage and number, a nation might develop them so as to replace the battleship or battle-cruiser as the main fighting arm of its battle fleet and render the present limitation of naval armaments nugatory. It is therefore a significant fact that the naval Powers at this Conference have agreed to a very severe limitation of aircraft carriers both in number and size. They have assented to the proposal that no aircraft carrier shall exceed 27,000 tons, and the total tonnage of aircraft carriers shall not exceed 135,000 for Great Britain or the United States, 81,000 for Japan, 60,000 for France or Italy. During the period of this agreement, therefore, it is as certain as can be that while the present form of capital ship is limited no new form will be developed to take its place.

Another feature of this Conference which few people anticipated was the adoption of rules controlling the use of submarines in warfare:

I

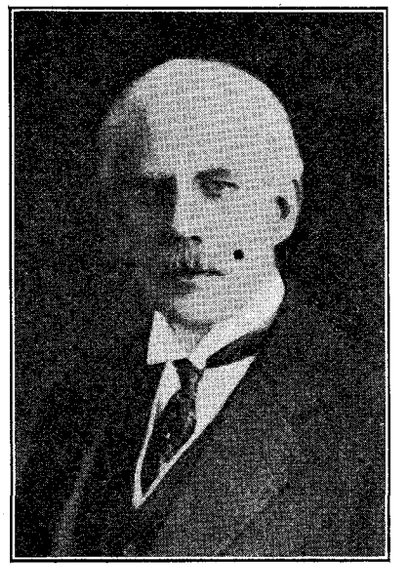
The signatory Powers, desiring to make more effective the rules adopted by civilized nations for the protection of the lives of neutrals and non-combatants at sea in time of war, declare that among those rules the following are to be deemed an established part of international law:

(1) A merchant vessel must be ordered to submit to visit and search to determine its character before it can be seized.

A merchant vessel must not be attacked unless it refuses to submit to visit and search after warning or to proceed as directed after seizure.

A merchant vessel must not be destroyed unless the crew and passengers have been first placed in safety.

(2) Belligerent submarines are not under any circumstances exempt from the universal rules above stated, and if a submarine cannot capture a merchant vessel in conformity with these rules, the existing law of nations requires it to desist from attack and from seizure and to permit the merchant vessel to proceed unmolested.



IRVING BACHELLER

WHAT IS THE MATTER?

BY IRVING BACHELLER

MR. BACHELLER ought to be able to answer the question above if any one can. Every one knows that Mr. Bacheller is not only the author of "Eben Holden," "Keeping Up With Lizzie," and other popular books, and a lecturer of rare humor and vivacity, but that he is interested to the utmost in social questions, and especially in home and personal problems.

In the article to be printed next week in The Outlook he tells "The Fable of the India-Rubber Parents." That title is suggestive of the fun and the sense of the article.

II

The signatory Powers invite all other civilized Powers to express their assent to the foregoing statement of established law so that there may be a clear public understanding throughout the world of the standards of conduct by which the public opinion of the world is to pass judgment upon future belligerents.

III

The signatory Powers recognize the practical impossibility of using submarines as commerce destroyers without violating, as they were violated in the recent war of 1914–1918, the requirements universally accepted by civilized nations for the protection of the lives of neutrals and non-combatants, and to the end that the prohibition of the use of submarines as commerce destroyers shall be universally accepted as a part of the law of nations they now accept that prohibition as henceforth binding as between themselves, and they invite all other nations to adhere thereto.

IV

The signatory Powers, desiring to insure the enforcement of the humane rules of existing law declared by them with respect to attacks upon and the seizure and destruction of merchant ships, further declare that any person in the service of any Power who shall violate any of those rules, whether or not such person is under orders of a governmental superior, shall be deemed to have violated the laws of war and shall be liable to trial and punishment as if for an act of piracy and may be brought to trial before the civil or military authorities of any Power within the jurisdiction of which he may be found.

Virtually without question the nations assembled here not only unqualifiedly denounced and condemned as lawless the use of submarines as the Germans used them for the massacre of neutrals and non-combatants at sea, but, what is most important, agreed that it was in accordance with international law for any person, whether acting under orders or not, who sinks a merchant vessel without warning or without visiting and searching her if she obeys his warning, or even then without placing her crew and passengers in safety, to be tried wherever he may be found and punished as a pirate—that is, with death.

It should be noted that the rule to exclude submarines from the right accorded to surface vessels to stop merchant vessels for search and seizure was not to be adopted as a rule of international law until universally accepted; but it was agreed to as governing the practice of these five naval Powers as among themselves. Thus a French submarine commander in case of war with America (I choose an entirely unthinkable case) would violate a pledge of his own Government if he warned an American merchant vessel to stop, but in case of a naval war with Switzerland (in its way a case quite as unthinkable) he would have the right to stop a Swiss vessel without violating any rule at all. In neither case would he violate international law unless he went beyond stopping the vessel for search and seizure with full regard for the safety of the passengers and the crew.

In some respects the most surprising feature has been the unanimous agreement of the five naval Powers to recommend the outlawing of gas warfare. How difficult it is to make gas warfare (or chemical warfare, as it is technically known) the subject of international agreement that promises to be both beneficent and effective was made clear by the reports of subcommittees. The object of war is not to kill one's enemy but to impose one's will upon him. It is in many respects more effective to disable than to kill hostile troops; for dead men are no burden on an army, but wounded or disabled men are. Some forms of gas are for this

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reason both more merciful and more effective than bullets and shells. There are practical difficulties in the way of making sure that a possible enemy will not use poison gas in war. This subject is discussed at length in a book by Victor Lefebure entitled "The Riddle of the Rhine" (W. Collins Sons & Co., Ltd., London). In spite of all the arguments showing the difficulty of preventing chemical warfare, the decision of the five Powers (America, Britain, France, Italy, and Japan) against this new and generally abominated practice was unanimous. The value of the action consists in its record of public opinion.

Another feature of the Conference which I think has been generally undervalued is the service it has rendered to China. Those who expected this Conference to do for China what she has so far been unwilling or unable to do for herself have looked for something quite unsound in international architecture—an arch without a buttress or a roof without supports. Not all has been done that might be done even with the material at hand, it is true; but a great deal has been done nevertheless, and much sound and, I believe, honest planning for future construction. Besides the statement of principles governing their conduct toward China and toward each other in China, a statement known as the Root Resolutions and called China's Charter, all the Powers have agreed on certain specific reforms. Among these perhaps the most complicated is the change in China's customs tariff. In 1842 China agreed by treaty with Great Britain to stop the arbitrary exactions of her officials and substitute regular tariff charges at a rate of five per cent. Then, through treaties giving equal customs rights to other nations, China yielded her freedom to frame her own customs duties for herself. It may seem a simple matter for the nations to change their treaties, but it is not. China has first to put her own house in order, establish a stable and trustworthy legislative and administrative government, abolish the troublesome provincial tariffs (called *likin*), which are beyond the control now of any central Government she has, and acquire some responsibility commensurate with the freedom which Chinese of Western education and ways of thinking seek for her. For the time being the tariff system remains as it is, but the rates, by agreement at this Conference, will be changed to provide China with a somewhat larger revenue, and provision is made for further changes.

Perhaps the most trying experience in this process of building a new international relation has been that of watching for a conclusion to the discussions over Shantung. Strictly, these discussions have not been a part of the Conference, though parallel to it; but, whatever the outcome, the Conference will take note of it. This controversy between China and Japan has now been reduced to what seems to most people who are not directly interested as mainly, if not wholly, technical or subordinate. The Chinese believe they are standing out for a fundamental right; the Japanese believe they are standing out for a reasonable security for their property. Both need a settlement—China for the sake of her self-respect, Japan for the sake of the respect of others. If they do not reach it, both will be rendered rather ridiculous. It seems almost unreasonable to suppose that Shantung will not be put into shape and moved up to the main structure.

What seems not yet to have arrived, though it is on the invoice of material shipped (called officially, not invoice, but agenda), is the question of Manchuria and Siberia. Certainly the Conference will look distinctly unfinished, or at least not very well proportioned, if its builders leave the job without providing for some understanding about these regions which have been the source of gravest misunderstanding. It would push the analogy of house building to perhaps an absurd extreme to say that Manchuria and Siberia are the hinges of the Open Door, the bolts and locks against aggression, or the keys to the problems of the Far East, but they cannot be permanently ignored in any plan for such an understanding as ought to be the product of the work that has been done here at Washington.

Some of the workmen have gone, others are planning to go in a few days. There remain many last things to be done. Even at this stage, however, when the work of finishing seems interminable, the house seems commodious, well built, and adapted to this family of nations.

January 9, 1922.

THE "SYMPATHETIC STRIKE" IN THE NEW YORK PACKING INDUSTRY

BY SHERMAN ROGERS

INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

PRIOR to the calling of the "sympathetic strike" on December 12 by the New York local of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America there had been no strike in the industry in New York City since 1907, when the drivers and chauffeurs walked out.

The packing industry employers' association representative, Mr. W. H. Noyes, had always been able to agree satisfactorily with the union, through their most tolerant, fair-dealing local President, John Kennedy, on questions of wages and working conditions. At the beginning of the war period, when the cost of living began to mount, the workmen asked for an increased wage scale. This was accepted *in toto*, although the agreement under which they were then operating had not yet expired. Subsequently the packers' association voluntarily granted increases to the men on two different occasions, although in each case the agreements had many months to run before expiration.

Under date of May 16, 1921, the packers and the union entered into an agreement covering rules and working conditions which were to govern the industry for a period of one year. Included therein was a provision that no question could be raised by either side prior to the expiration of sixty days, or before July 16, 1921; after that date, however, the question of a change could be proposed by either party on notice. About the last of October the President of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen started negotiations with the packers' association for a continuation of the agreement for a further period of one year from November 1, without granting the right to either side to open the question within that time. The packers refused to agree to this; although no thought had been given to a wage reduction, they did not want to commit themselves to maintain the present wage scale until November 1, 1922.

After several conferences between the packers' and union representatives the Amalgamated undertook to force the packers into another agreement to continue the terms of the original agreement dated May 16, 1921. They addressed a letter to Mr. Noyes, signed by the local chairman and secretary, but not by the President, in which they stated that, since the association was no longer disposed to deal fairly with them, they would endeavor to enter into agreements with the individual firms comprising the association. The letter to Mr. Noyes was dated December 2, and was handed him in person on December 6, in rather an apologetic manner.

On December 12, when the first crews went to work at four o'clock there were pickets there to inform them that a

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strike had been called. The first day the men were practically one hundred per cent on strike, including the various butcher trades as well as the drivers and chauffeurs, and of course production and deliveries were practically nil. The next day, however, there were a good many cattle and sheep killed, and each succeeding day shows an increased production until at the present time production is again about normal and deliveries are absolutely up to ordinary times.

The various plants have replaced the men who walked out, not with so-called "strike breakers," but every man they have employed has been given to understand that he has a permanent place unless his work is unsatisfactory. They have also required the usual bond from each new employee, and from now on they are going to operate on an "open shop" basis; not, however, to the exclusion of the members of the union who make application for reinstatement and are accepted. In other words, their "open shop" will not be a "closed shop" to a union card.

The packers now intend to deal with their employees directly, through the medium of shop councils composed of delegates elected by the workmen themselves and appointed representatives of the management, and they will not deal with any union or other set of men through the employers' association.

It can be easily understood why the industry has got along so well, with the entire absence of trouble between the workers and the management for the past fifteen years, when one has been with Mr. Noyes but a short time. He is a representative of the employers, to be sure, but he has the interest and welfare of the worker at heart. And likewise he admits John Kennedy to be a tolerant, fair-dealing, straightforward leader, a real executive, and not a radical type of labor leader by any means.

The men struck in sympathy with the Chicago workers, and now the packers refuse to allow them to return except on the merits of their individual cases, which will be given every legitimate consideration upon application by the individual workers. The packers are getting all the help they need, turning away at the doors of single plants as many as fifty or one hundred applicants a day.

THE KITCHENER-BETRAYAL MYTH

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON, K.C.B.

ON June 5, 1916, Lord Kitchener arrived at Thurso, crossed to Scapa Flow in the destroyer Oak, and lunched with Lord Jellicoe on board the Iron Duke. He had fixed upon three weeks as the maximum limit of his absence from the hub of affairs in Whitehall, and he consulted Lord Jellicoe several times upon the question of the shortest possible time in which he could make the passage to Archangel in the Hampshire. He was most anxious not to lose a moment on the sea trip.

The responsibility for the route to be followed by the Hampshire from the Scapa anchorage rested upon Lord Jellicoe. The intention was that she should take the route passing up the eastern coast of the Orkneys, using the channel which, as a routine measure, was ordinarily searched by mine-sweepers. Owing to the heavy sea caused by a northeasterly gale, mine-sweeping to the eastward of the Orkneys was out of the question on the day of the Hampshire's departure, and if that route were used escorting destroyers could not face the sea at high speed. If Lord Kitchener's wishes were to be met and all possible time saved, one of the westerly routes had therefore to be selected. There were two such routes, one passing close inshore up the west coast of the Orkneys and under their lee, the other farther to the westward, near Seele Skerry Lighthouse. The inshore route was selected, for the following adequate reasons.

The greatest risk to the Hampshire was considered to lie in the danger of her being torpedoed by a submarine, not in that of her striking a mine. It is true that mine-sweeping on both sides of the Orkneys had been impracticable for three or four days on account of the weather conditions, but it was considered to be practically impossible for this inshore route to have been mined by any surface craft. The route was used by Fleet auxiliaries, and was under frequent observation both from them and from the shore. The period of darkness in those northern latitudes in June lasts for only about a couple of hours. Danger of the route having been mined by enemy submarines was considered to be very remote. They were believed to have confined their activities, up to this date, to the waters well to the southward of the Firth of Forth, on account of their short radius of action.

At 4 P.M. on June 5 Lord Kitchener went on board the Hampshire. She sailed at 5:30 P.M., escorted by two destroyers, with orders to proceed at 16 knots (speed being a valuable protection against being torpedoed by a submarine) and to send the destroyers back if they could not keep up owing to the sea. At about 7 P.M. the captain of the Hampshire sent the destroyers back, because they could not face the heavy seas. Between 7:30 and 7:45 P.M. the Hampshire struck a mine about one and one-half miles off shore, between the Brough of Birsay and Marwick Head. She sank, bows first, in fifteen minutes. There were only twelve survivors, who drifted ashore on a raft. By the time of the disaster the wind had shifted to north-northwest, and its force was fifty miles an hour, so that the course of the Hampshire had not, as was anticipated, taken her to leeward of the islands, and owing to the head sea she was only making 13½ knots, instead of the 16 ordered. Had there been such a lee, it seems probable that Lord Kitchener and a large proportion of the crew would have been saved by the escorting destroyers, by the Hampshire's boats, or by patrol craft which arrived at the scene of the disaster during the night.

We now know, from the evidence of a German track chart, that the mine which sank the Hampshire was laid on May 29 by the German submarine U-75, which appears to have left harbor on an ordinary mine-laying trip on May 24 or 25. So much for the facts, which have all been published, some of them by Lord Jellicoe in "The Grand Fleet 1914–16," some of them in the Admiralty blue book on Jutland.

Now for the myth about Lord Kitchener having lost his life in the Hampshire because his mission to Russia and the route which he would follow was betrayed to the German Government. To establish the truth of these allegations it would be necessary to prove that the German Government knew by May 24, 1916, that Lord Kitchener would proceed to Russia via Scapa Flow, that he would leave that anchorage by the western outlet, and that he would take the inshore channel. Not a particle of evidence has been produced in favor of any such contention. The female spy who was credited with having sent the news to Germany of Lord Kitchener's trip to Russia in the Hampshire was in prison from May 8, by which date Lord Kitchener's plans had not been formed. The track of U-75 shows that she laid no mines in the usual channel (to the eastward of the Orkneys) which the Hampshire would have been expected to use, and which it would have used if a strong wind had not been blowing from the northeast on June 5, seven days after the mines were laid. Apart from the loss of the Hampshire, in all human probability Lord Kitchener himself would have been saved if the strong northeasterly wind had not changed to a gale from the north-northwest between 5 and 7 P.M. on the evening of his departure.

The Kitchener-betrayal myth is unworthy of the attention of any being endowed with reason, or of repetition by any one equipped with a sense of ordinary decency.

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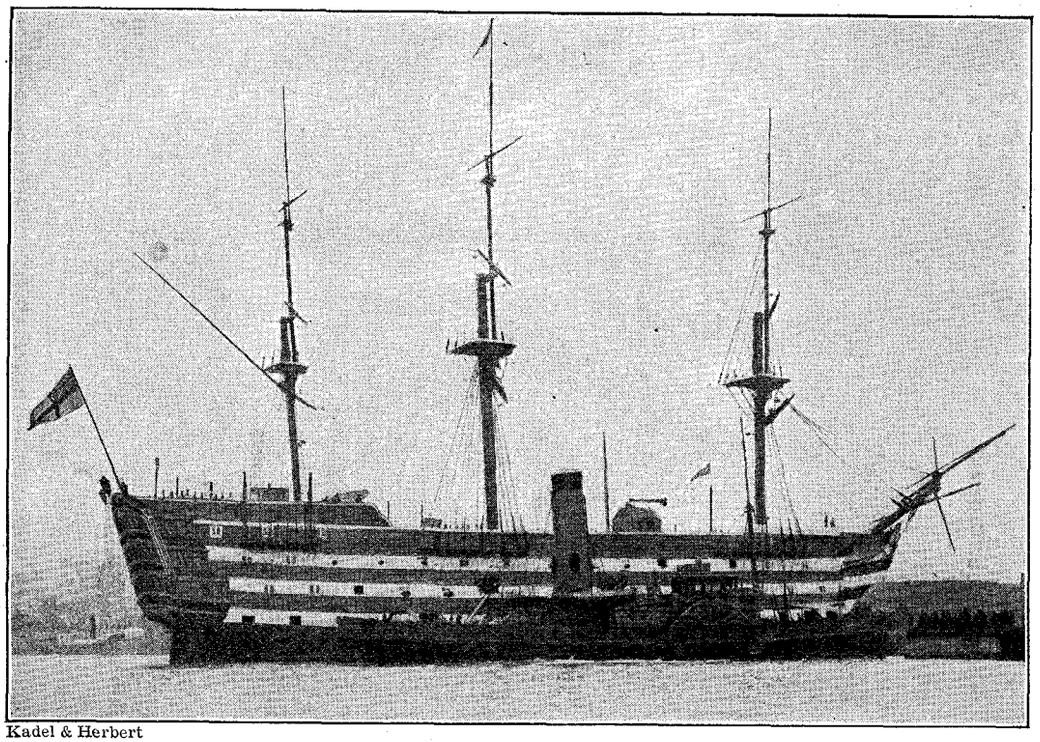
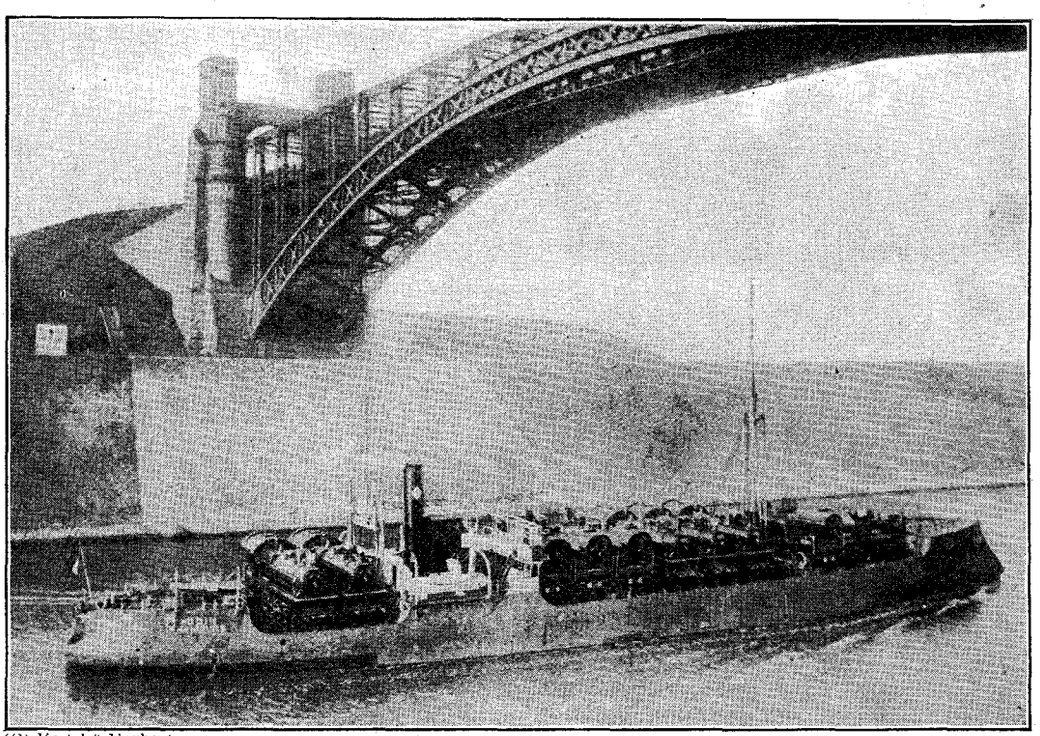
HONOR FOR CONQUERORS: WORK FOR CONQUERED



Kadel & Herbert

NELSON'S FAMOUS FLAGSHIP, THE VICTORY

This celebrated ship-of-the-line has been removed from her moorings in Portsmouth Harbor to undergo extensive repairs in order that her preservation may be assured. Annually on Trafalgar Day she flies the historic message, "England expects every man to do his duty." It is said that henceforth she will be kept in dry-dock permanently



(C) Kadel & Herbert

THE GERMAN WARSHIP ODIN TURNED INTO A MERCHANT SHIP AND CARRYING A CARGO OF LOCOMOTIVES THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL

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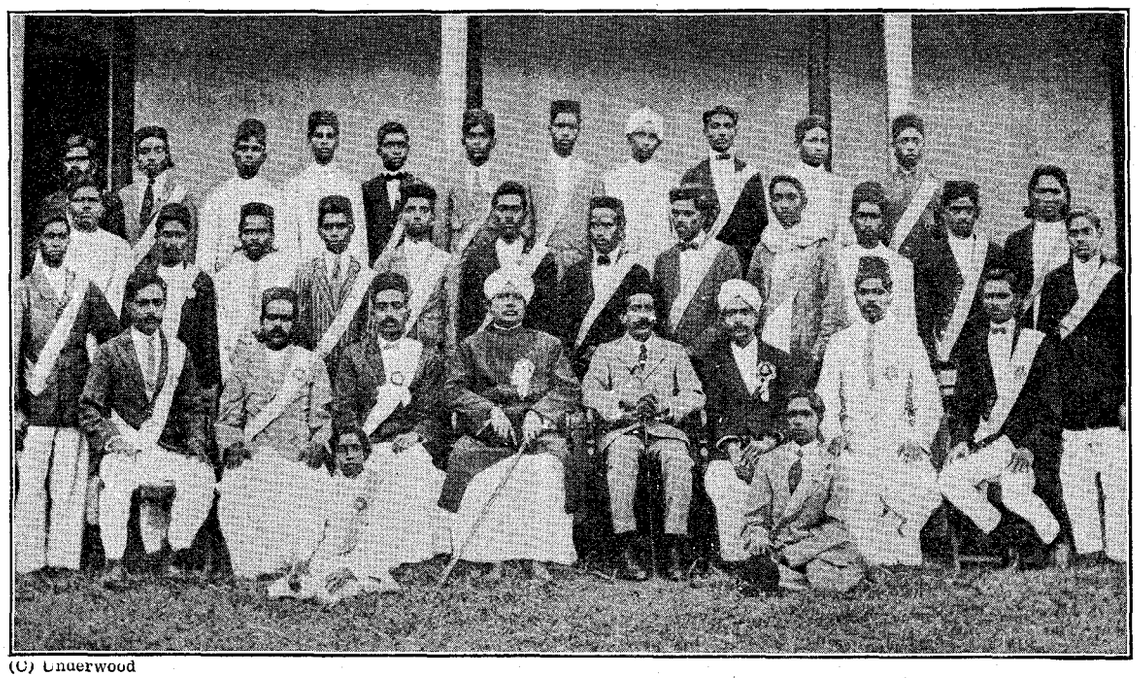
NOTABLE CONFERENCES, EAST AND WEST



(C) Underwood

THE ALL-INDIA NATIONAL CONGRESS

This is said to be the first photograph to reach this country showing this famous Congress, comprising men from all parts of the Indian Empire, some of whom advocate an independent India

(C) Harris & Ewing

A CONFERENCE ON THE REHABILITATION OF DISABLED SERVICE MEN

This Conference, held in Washington, D. C., was called by Colonel Charles R. Forbes. In the group from left to right, around the table, back row: Mary Roberts Rinehart; Clarence H. Howard, President Commonwealth Steel Company; Prof. J. C. Cunningham, Ames College; J. F. Connolly, Director of Labor, State of Pennsylvania; Colonel Joy, Red Cross; Major Arthur Dean; Rev. John Inzer, National Chaplain American Legion; Michael Murray; Lewis Gustafson; Colonel Albert A. Sprague. Standing at rear: Leon Frazer and C. W. Swan

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THE TRAGIC COMEDIAN

A "CLOSE-UP" OF CHARLES CHAPLIN

BY THOMAS BURKE

AUTHOR OF "LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS," ETC.

A FRAIL figure, small footed, and with hands as exquisite as those of Madame la Marquise. A mass of brindled-gray hair above a face of high color and nervous features. In conversation the pale hands flash and flutter and the eyes twinkle; the body sways and swings, and the head darts birdlike back and forth, in time with the soft chanting voice. His personality is as volatile as his lithe and resilient figure. He has something of Hans Andersen, of Ariel, touched with rumors of far-off fairyland tears. But something more than pathos is here. Almost, I would say, he is a tragic figure. Through the universal appeal of the cinematograph he has achieved universal fame in larger measure than any man of recent years, and he knows the weariness and emptiness that accompany excess. He is the playfellow of the world, and he is the loneliest, saddest man I ever knew.

When I first heard that Charles Chaplin wished to meet me, I was only mildly responsive. I can never assume much interest in the folk of the film and the stage; their hectic motions, their voluble, insubstantial talk, and their abrupt transitions are too exhausting. But I was assured that Charles Chaplin was "different," and finally a rendezvous was made at a flat in Bloomsbury. He *is* different. I was immediately surprised and charmed. A certain transient glamour hung about this young man to whose doings the front pages of the big newspapers were given and for whom people of all classes were doing vigil; but, discounting that, much remained; and the shy, quiet figure that stepped from the shadow of the window was no mere film star, but a character that made an instant appeal. I received an impression of something very warm and bright and vivid. There was radiance, but it was the radiance of fluttering firelight rather than steady sunlight. At first I think it was the pathos of his situation that made him so endearing, for he was even then being pursued by the crowd, and had taken this opportunity to get away for a quiet walk through narrow streets. But the charm remained, and remains still. It is a part of himself that flows through every movement and every gesture. He inspires immediately, not admiration or respect, but affection; and one gives it impulsively.

At eleven o'clock that night I took him alone for a six-hour ramble through certain districts of East London, whose dim streets made an apt setting for his dark-flamed personality. I walked him

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

through byways of Hoxton, Spitalfields, Stepney, Ratcliff, Shadwell, Wapping, Isle of Dogs; and as we walked he opened his heart, and I understood. I, too, had spent hard, inhospitable hours of youth in these streets, and knew his feeling about them, and could, in a minor measure, appreciate what he felt in such high degree at coming back to them with his vast treasure of guerdons and fame. The disordered, gypsy-like beauty of this part of London moved him to ecstasy after so many years of the bright, angular, gemlike cities of Western America, and he talked freely and well about it.

At two o'clock in the morning we rested on the curb of an alley-way in St. George's, and he talked of his bitter youth and his loneliness and his struggles, and his ultimate bewildering triumph. Always, from the day he left London, he had at the back of his mind, vague and formless and foolish, the dream of a triumphal Dick Whittington return to the city whose stones were once so cold to him; for the most philosophic temper, the most aloof from the small human passions, is not wholly free from that attitude of "a time will come when you *shall* hear me." Like all men who are born in exile, outside the gracious inclosures of life, he does not forget those early years; and even now that he has made that return it does not quite satisfy. It is worth having—that rich, hot moment when the scoffers are dumb and recognition is accorded, the moment of attainment; but a tinge of bitterness must always accompany it. Chaplin knows, as all who have risen know, that the very people who were clamoring and beseeching him to their tables and receptions would not before have given him a considered glance, much less a friendly hand or a level greeting. They wanted to see, not him, but the symbol of success—*réclame, le dernier cri*—and he knew it.

He owes little enough to England. To him it was only a stony-hearted stepmother—not even the land of his birth Here, as he told me, he was up against that social barrier that so impedes advancement and achievement—a barrier that only the very great or the very cunning can cross. America freely gave him what he could never have wrested from England—recognition and decent society. He spoke in chilly tones of his life in England as a touring vaudeville artist. Such a life is a succession of squalor and mean things. The company was his social circle, and he lived and moved only in that circle. Although he had not then any achievements to his credit, he had the potentialities. Although he was then a youth with little learning, an undeveloped personality, and few graces, he had an instinctive feeling for fine things. Although he had no key by which he might escape, no title to a place among the fresh, easy, cultivated minds where he desired to be, he knew that he did not belong in the rude station of life in which he was placed. Had he remained in this country, he would have remained in that station. He would never have got out. But in America the questions are, "What do you know?" and "What can you do?" not, "Where do you come from?" and "Who are your people?" "Are you public school?"

To-day England is ready to give him all that it formerly denied him. All doors are open to him, and he is beckoned here and there by social leaders But he does not want them. Well might he quote to them the terms of a famous letter: "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it . . . till I am known and do not want it." But twice during our ramble—once in Mile End Road and once in Hoxton—he was recognized, and the midnight crowd gathered and surrounded him. There it was the real thing—not the vulgar desire of the hostess to feed the latest lion, but a spontaneous burst of hearty affection, a welcome to an old friend. He has played himself into the hearts of the

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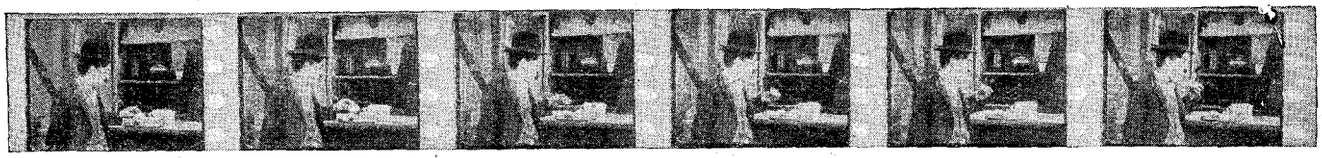

WHEREIN WE SEE IN DETAIL THE PROCESS BY WHICH CHARLIE CHAPLIN GATHERS IN

simple people, and they love him. The film "Charlie" is a figure that appeals to them, for it is a type of thwarted ambitions, of futile strivings and forlorn makeshifts for better things. As I watched the frail, elegant figure struggling against this monstrous burst of enthusiasm, in which voices hot with emotion, voices of men and women, cried boisterous messages of good will to "our Charlie," I was foolishly moved. No Prime Minister could have so fired a crowd. No Prince of the house of Windsor could have commanded that wave of sheer delight. He might have had the crowd and the noise, but not the rich surge of affection. A prince is only a spectacle, a symbol of nationhood, but this was a known friend, one of themselves, and they treated him so. It was no mere instinct of the mob. They did not gather to stare at him. Each member of that crowd wanted privately to touch him, to enfold him, to thank him for cheering them up. And they could do so without reservations, for they could not have helped him in his early years—they were without the power. I do not attempt to explain why this one man, of all other "comics" of stage and film, had so touched the hearts of the people as to arouse this frenzy of adulation. It is beyond me. I could only stand and envy the man who had done it.

Yet he found little delight in it. Rather, he was bewildered. I think his success staggers or frightens him. Where another might be spoiled he is dazed. The "Charlie," the figure of fun that he created in a casual moment, has grown upon him like a Frankenstein monster. It and its world-wide popularity have become a burden to him. That it has not wholly crushed him, ejected his true self and taken possession of him, is proof of a strong character. Your ordinary actor is always an actor "on" and "off;" but as I walked and talked with Chaplin I found myself trying vainly to connect him, by some gesture or attitude, with the world-famous "Charlie." There was no trace of it. When, a little later, I saw one of his films, I again tried to see through the makeup the Chaplin I had met, and again I failed. The pathetic, fragile clown of the films is purely a studio creation, having little in common with its creator, for Chaplin is not a funny man. He is a great actor of comic parts. Every second of his pictures is *acted*, and when he is not acting he casts off "Charlie," drops the mask of the world's fool, and his queer, glamorous personality is released again.

He described to me the first sudden conception of his figure of fun—the poor ludicrous fool, of forlorn attitudes, who would be a gentleman, and never can; who would do fine and beautiful things, and always does them in the wrong way and earns kicks in place of acceptance and approval. At every turn the world beats him, and because he cannot fight it he puts his thumb to his nose. He rescues fair damsels, and finds that they are not fair. He departs on great enterprises that crumble to rubbish at his first touch. He builds castles in the air, and they fall and crush him. He picks up diamonds, and they turn to broken glass. At the world's disdain he shrugs his shoulders and answers its scorn with rude jests and extravagant antics. He is sometimes an ignoble Don Quixote, sometimes a gallant Pistol, and in other aspects a sort of battered Pierrot. All other figures of fun in literature and drama have associates or foils. "Charlie," in all his escapades, is alone. He is the outcast, the exile, sometimes getting a foot within the gates, but ultimately being driven out, hopping lamely, with ill-timed nonchalance, on the damaged foot. He throws a custard pie in the world's face as a gesture of protest. He kicks policemen lest himself be kicked. There is no exuberance in the kick; it is no outburst of vitality. It is deliberate and considered. Behind every farcical gesture is a deadly intent. Never do the eyes, in his most strenuous battles with authority, lose their deep-sunken haunting grief. Always he is the unsatisfied, venting his despair in a heart-broken levity of grips and capers. Chaplin realized that there is nothing more universally funny than the solemn clown, and in "Charlie" he accidentally made a world-fool; though, I think, certain memories of early youth went to its making.

But I am more interested in the man than his work. When, at four o'clock in the morning, he came home with me to Highgate and sat round the fire, I felt still more warmly his charm and still more sharply his essential discontent. I do not mean that he is miserable—he is indeed one of the merriest of companions; but he is burdened with a deep-rooted disquiet. He is the shadow-friend of millions throughout the world, and he is lonely. He is tired, too, and worn, this young man whose name and face are known in every habitable part of the world. It is not a temporary fatigue, as of a man who is overworking or running at too high a pitch. His weariness, I think, lies deeper. It is of the spirit. To the quick melancholy of the Latins—for he is Anglo-French, and was born at Fontainebleau—is added that unrest which men miscall the artistic temperament. But even without these he could not, I think, command happiness. He is still an exile, seeking for something that the world cannot give him. It has given him much—great abilities, fame, fortune, applause; yet it has given him, for his needs, little. The irony that pursues genius has not let him escape. He is hungry for affection and friendship, and he cannot hold them. With the very charm that draws would-be friends towards him goes a perverse trick of repulsing them. He desires friendship, yet has not the capacity for it. "I am egocentric," he confessed. To children everywhere his name brings gurgles of delight; and he does not like children. He has added one more to the great gallery of comic figures—Falstaff, Pickwick, Don Quixote, Uncle Toby, Micawber, Touchstone, Tartarin, Punchinello—and he hates "Charlie."

He sat by the fire, curled up in a corner of a deep armchair like a tired child, eating shortbread and drinking wine and talking, talking, talking, flashing from theme to theme with the disconcerting leaps of the cinematograph. He talked of the state of Europe, of relativity, of Benedetto Croce, of the possibility of a British Labor Government, of the fluidity of American social life, and he returned again and again to the subject of England. "It stifles me," he said. "I'm afraid of it—it's all so set and solid and *arranged*. Groups and classes. If I stayed here, I know I should go back to what I was. They told me that the war had changed England—had washed out boundaries and dividing lines. It hasn't. It's left you

AN UNGUARDED DELICACY AND TRANSFERS IT TO HIS INTERIOR DEPARTMENT

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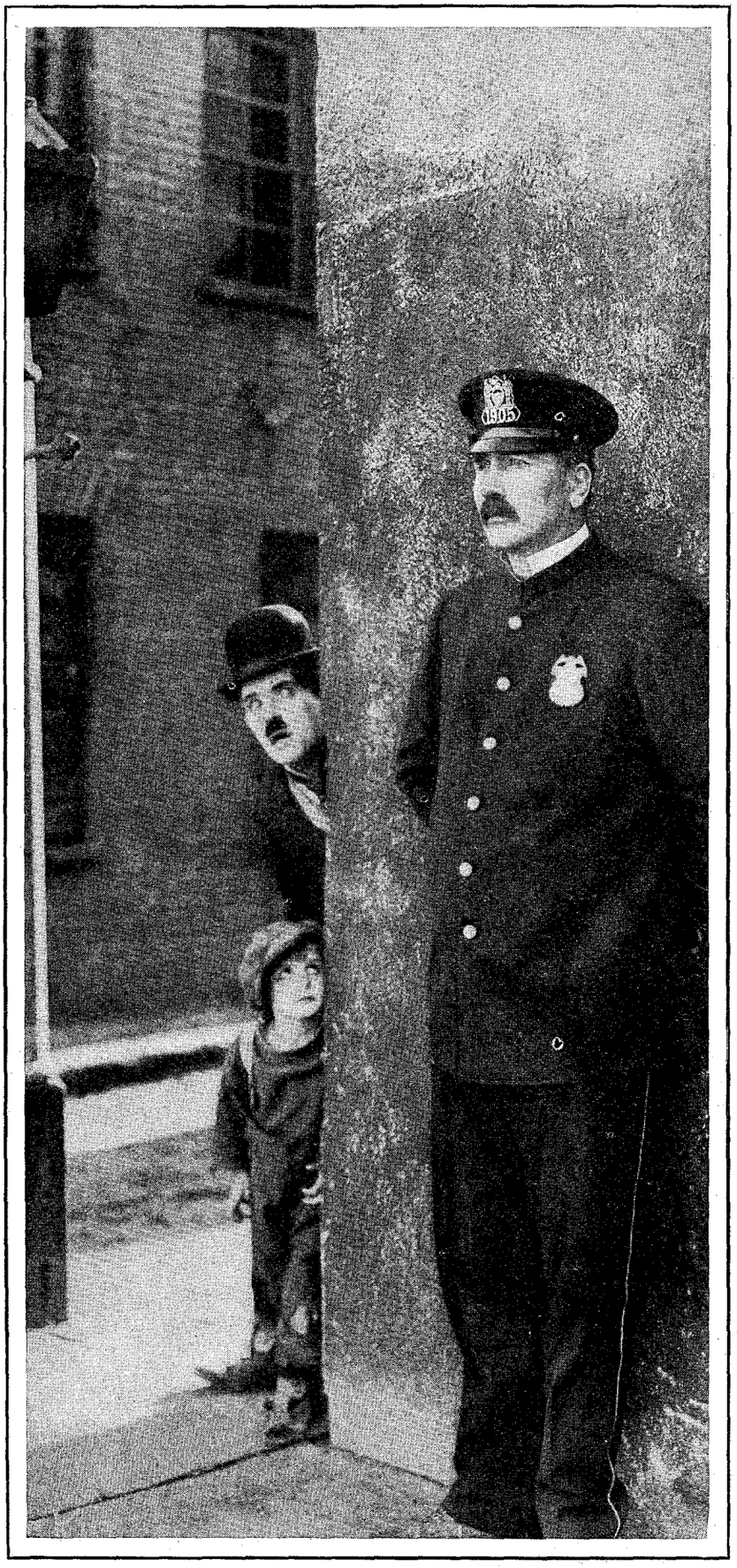

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND JACKIE COOGAN IN "THE KID"

"He kicks policemen lest himself be kicked. There is no exuberance in the kick; it is no outburst of vitality. It is deliberate and considered. . . . Never do the eyes, in his most strenuous battles with authority, lose their deep-sunken haunting grief"

even more class-conscious. The country's still a mass of little regiments, each moving to its own rules. You've still the county people, the 'Varsity sets, the military caste—the governing classes and the working classes. Even your sports are still divided. For one set there are hunting, racing, yachting, polo, shooting, golf, tennis; and for the other, cricket, football, and betting. In America life is freer and you can make your own life and find a place among the people who interest you."

And Chaplin has surrounded himself with quiet, pleasant people. Not his those monstrous antics of the young men and women whose light heads have been shaken by wealth and mob worship. He is not one of the café-hotel-evening-party crowd. When the "shop" is shut, he gets well away from it and from the gum-chewing crowd to whom life is a piece of film and its prizes great possessions. You must see him as an unpretentious man, spending his evenings at home with a few friends and books and music. He is deeply read in philosophy, social history, and economics. His wants are simple, and, although he has a vast income, he lives on a portion of it and shares everything with his brother, Syd Chaplin. During the day he works, and works furiously, as a man works when seeking distraction or respite from his troubled inner self. What he will do next I do not know. He seems to be a man without aim or hope. What it is he wants, what he is seeking, to insure a little heart's ease I do not know. I don't think he knows himself. This young man worked for an end, and in a few years he achieved it, and the world now stretches emptily before him, "and the eyelids are a little weary."

I have here tried to present some picture of this strange, elusive, gracious, self-contradictory character; but it is a mere random sketch in flat outline, and gives nothing of the opulent, glittering, clustering light and shade of the original. You cannot pin him to paper. Even were he obscure, a mere nobody, without the imposed coloring of "Charlie" and world popularity, he would be a notable subject, for he has that wonderful, impalpable gift of attraction which is the greater part of Mr. Lloyd George's power. You feel his presence in a room, and are conscious of something wanting when he departs. He has the dazzling rich-hued quality of Alvan in "The Tragic Comedians." You feel that he is just the fantastic, flamboyant figure that leads revolutions. And when you connect him with "Charlie" the puzzle grows, and you give it up. The ambition that served and guided him for ten years is satisfied; but he is still unsatisfied. The world has discovered him, but he has not yet found himself. But he has discovered the weariness of repeated emotion, and he is a man who lives on and by his emotions. That is why I call him a tragic figure—a tragic comedian.

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UNEMPLOYMENT

BY CHARLES R. WALKER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "UNEMPLOYMENT: WHAT ONE LARGE COMPANY DID ABOUT IT"

I WAS working on a Spanish labor gang in a copper refinery. My job was to push a truck with a mold on it, or a 200-pound cake of copper, or a bundle of scrap. The gang was wholly Spanish except for a Polish-American chap named Joe, who had been in the A. E. F., and myself. Joe was a mason by trade, but preferred an indoor job during winter months.

It was an old-fashioned mill, a couple of ancient 21-ton furnaces being charged, poured, and entirely tended by hand. The metal cooked all night, and in the morning a little after seven o'clock it was ready to pour. Then the labor gang became active—ten or a dozen of us. We moved up mold after mold on our trucks and placed them in a rough circle, within swing of the ladleman's scoop. A mold was a stone affair that weighed about a hundred pounds, and the ladle a scoop swung on a chain. The ladleman dished up the hot fluid copper and swung it out over the molds. Very gingerly, when several molds were in place, he would dribble the copper into them, filling each to an inch or so of the top. Immediately the gang, with the assistance of a couple of furnace helpers, mounted the molds on their trucks and rumbled them over a rough floor out of the way. I sha'n't quickly forget that floor. It was composed of steel plates that had warped and broken, rising in one spot into miniature mountains, and sinking in another into valleys. With two hundred pounds on a truck a ridge on the floor was the difference between a smooth voyage and disaster.

We were earning at that time 40 cents an hour; wages have since been reduced to 30 cents. Forty-five cents with a fifty-five hour week—five ten-hour days with a half-day on Saturday—meant a weekly wage of $27. But rumors of the unemployment wave were already in the air. Men began to be lopped off slowly from gangs in the rolling mill. There was still enough work to keep the refinery going for a bit, but the storm threatened.

At last came a pay day on which the ax fell on five of the gang. It was inevitable that it should be the necks of the newcomers, and especially of the Spanish—the cheapest form of labor—that should feel it first. The approach of pay day from then on became an ordeal. Any pay envelope might contain a lay-off slip.

At about this time I was transferred to the rolling mill, where the bars of copper we had been making with our ladle and molds were squeezed between two large rolls into sheets and strips for everything from rivets to the copper parts of a dynamo. Here the lopping-off process was likewise in full swing. Most of the common labor was laid off indefinitely, the foremen demoted to rollers, the rollers to helpers. Every few days the time-keeper would come up, looking for intimate information. "You married, Tony? How many children?" That obviously foreshadowed a lay-off for those who did not share the joys of matrimony. Half of my friends, I found, were helping to support their brothers, cousins, and countrymen who had been laid off, and the exodus to the old country had already begun.

Every night we looked at the notice posted on the clock, which stated how many hours we should work the following week. It fell from fifty-five hours a week to thirty-two, and then to twenty-four in some departments. Wages went down in three steps from 45 cents an hour for common labor, to 30 cents, which gave the men working four eight-hour days $9.60 a week. Single men were laid off, and husbands strove to stretch the $9.60 across expenses of a wife and family.

I was working sticker for a while, a job a little superior to the common labor of the refinery. I shoved the end of a reel of metal into a pair of rolls and oiled both sides of it as it went through. There was a bit of knack in setting the guides for the metal and giving it the right dose of oil according to the "gauge" of the metal and the number of the "pass." It was not a hard job, but full merely of unending monotony. A man next me on a similar task had worked at it seventeen years, and a draw-bench operator—who does a job that can be learned in three weeks—had been at his for thirty. Still the primary question was not how to make these jobs more endurable—hundreds of men outside the employment office were fighting for a chance even at the worst of them; the primary question was how to keep them (hot, dirty, or dangerous as they were) going at all.

One day I was transferred to a clerkship in the employment office, and for six months talked every day with men who begged, bribed, and threatened for a job. We made our lay-off and other records and did our hiring—what there was of it—in a triangular building set at the confluence of two roads, just across the street from the big rolling mill. It had once been the company stable, and was now the company garage. Powerful Pierce trucks covered the floor, with two or three Fords among them, except where at one end—the apex of the triangle—a space for the employment office was walled off. As the trucks were busy scrap-carrying from seven to six, the broad floor of the garage served as waiting-room for hopelit job aspirants.

I remember on the first Monday of my clerkship I went out with the employment manager into the garage to hire two men. There were between a hundred and a hundred and twenty in the room, pressing upon us when we entered and forming a close-packed ring of bodies with craned necks. The room was silent except for the scraping of feet. As I looked into their faces they began to fall into the familiar types I had companioned for months in the mill. There were Russians who looked as if they had been molded into men roughly and somewhat hurriedly. Their clothes—except the young men's—were loose-fitting and shabby, and faces visible over bulky shoulders were thin and pale. There was a group of Spaniards, slouching for the most part, several with the high velvet close-fitting pants the new Spanish wear to America from Spain. Portuguese Negroes were there, very neatly dressed, with pressed green and blue coats, ties, and high collars. They seemed to cling to gay American-made clothes even in the face of starvation. There were Greeks, thinner than the others, of slight build and a less healthy complexion, and a number of Americans stood aside near the garage door, looking at the eager hunkies rather contemptuously.

The employment manager nodded to two men he recognized as lay-offs from the wire mill and turned to the door. The crowd followed him with a dull buzz of personal entreaty which ended in irony and profanity when he entered the door. "Come to-morrow, hey? All time *to-morrow! to-morrow*," said some one, bitterly. "How the hell he get job?" said an Italian, spitting on the floor with emphatic disgust.

DURING the afternoon men dribbled in by twos and threes. There were some who maintained an artificial and even painful cheer in the face of continual joblessness, and some who gave you the detailed causes of their profound despair. I remember an ex-sailor who had the courage of a whole battleship. He crossed the floor with a sea-lurch and said:

"Morning, Mr. Fielding. Nothing doing, huh? The first hundred years is the worst. Well, see you to-morrow." As a rule he went out with a grin of immortal good humor, but sometimes he'd remain for a yarn or two told with a mixture of sailorese and cowboy American. He came every few days for two months; and left off finally without a job.

Then there was a laid-off fireman, who addressed the employment manager as "my dear." He had been firing in the power-house when three shifts of eight hours was the practice there. The company suddenly decided to restore the twelve-hour day in that branch, and he was dropped. "My dear," as we came to call him, had a manner that was almost annoyingly conciliatory. He would have made—except for the fact that he talked at all—an ideal type of working-

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man for a nineteenth-century British manufacturer. He never spoke ill of the company, or of his foreman, or of the system. He smiled a wan and deprecating smile, and told his difficulties in a voice composed in equal degrees of appeal and desperation. It broke gently as he finished the sentence. When told, as he always was, at the end of an interview that there was no job, but that we would keep his name, he would sigh in a very thorough fashion and retreat with appealing but unhostile eyes. The employment manager was always on the verge of being moved either to laughter or tears at sight of him. He was a Pole, I think—and where he picked up "my dear" as a form of address I have been unable to guess. He had a good case for a job—had been with the company four or five years, and had a family of children. After several weeks he was rehired.

Then the opposite type, whose spirit had not been distilled into sighs and a personal appeal. Long months out of work, with the accompaniment of hungry children and moral and physical decay, bred a more active form of despair.

"Got a job for me?" asked an Italian of this party who had worked in the rolling mill for three years.

"No job to-day," I said.

"Me work wire mill," he returned, "long time."

"No jobs anywhere in the mill," I returned.

"No work six months," he said. "Whatza matter, no job?"

"No orders, no job," I said, repeating the phrase of the employment manager.

"No eat," he said, wrinkling his forehead into a scowl. "Whatza matter—want me steal, eh?" he said under his breath going out the door.

Or take Joe, a refinery worker, who always came in with his shirt open at the neck. He had a powerful build, his face was red, with a few pimples on his forehead, and he had bulging eyes inclined to defiance.

"We haven't a job in the mill to-day," I said.

"I work here before, ladleman. Whatza matter?"

"No jobs to give you," I said.

"Pretty bad time," he said, and then, after a pause: "You hear 'bout Bridgeport—twenty thousand no work. They raise hell pretty soon. Mebbe you hear 'bout Chicago—bombs—blow the buildings to hell!"

He looked as if he was sorry he couldn't express himself on the situation in the language of Chicago.

A CONSIDERABLE group of visitors could be classified as the men who built their hopes upon drag. For the most part the drag was removed with some skill and joy by the employment manager, for we began early to keep lists of men classified by length of service, fitness, etc.

We began, for example, to ask everybody, "Are you married?" till it became very well known that, other things being equal, we gave jobs to husbands. One young American slouched against the rail on a Monday morning and said, "Got a job for me?"

"Married or single?" I asked.

"What can a single man do?" he cried, bitterly. "Well, all right, I'll get married."

Some of the men who loitered all day in front of the employment office were the so-called "dead wood" of those companies that had taken the dull season as a God-sent time to "clean house." These characters would perhaps drift finally to charity or to city dependency; some would hold over by the help of friends till business reawakened. But among them were plenty of householders, respectable taxpayers with large families and no resources, or old men whose families had grown up and left them or from whom they had parted in the old country. There was Joe Renick, for example.

He was a sweeper in the brass rolling mill, and had fallen with the first, because he had no "dependents" and because he was "non-productive" labor. Joe visited and begged with us daily for several weeks. He was a short man, a Lithuanian, with gray hair and a very uncertain and halting walk. He had the "shakes" in his hands. When he asked for a job, and was refused, he rarely repeated his request or insisted much. He would stand and stare past you with a look which indicated how completely puzzled and stunned he was by his fate.

He brought in his bank-book one day and silently handed it to me. Eight months ago he had been laid off by the company. His October balance showed between four hundred and five hundred dollars, which in ten and fifteen dollar amounts had been drawn out through the winter. There was eleven dollars left on deposit. I got the story later. He had saved up his earnings as sweeper during the fat war years of 1917 and 1918, intending to go back to the old country to die. He was to sail early in October. Then, since business was good, he figured he would work a few more weeks, earn enough for his passage, and take his savings home intact. But the depression caught him in the midst of earning that passage money. The savings of the war were gone. He was an old man, as workers go—fifty-five or sixty—with little prospect of a new start.

The absence of special privilege seems to most men a kind of injustice. I took a walk through the rolling mill one day in search of the time-keeper, and passed an old roller whom I knew. He was thin and tall and English.

"Hey, how's the jobs?"

"Poor."

"I see yuh hired five men last week," in an accusing voice. And then: "I've got a friend here, a Johnny Bull, O. E. A. F. Lodge, see? Can't get a bloody job. What's the matter with your employment manager? An O. E. A. F., I say—"

Foremen and officers of the company were somewhat subtler; they sent men to the office with special recommendations, but unless the men had a record of service, were especially fitted, and otherwise met requirements the halo of drag was removed and they were dismissed. Only occasionally a combination of influences swept a man in.

UNEMPLOYMENT strictly has its victims not only among the jobless, but among the half-employed—the men who work a three-day week or three days every two weeks. There stands out very clearly in my memory the figure and story of Racinski. He was a wire-drawer. Enough orders trickled through to keep the wire-makers busy for eight hours on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. Racinski earned a few cents over twelve dollars a week, and the wife and four children absorbed it. It was enough to buy food on, but he fell behind in rent. His landlord was Mr. Bernheimer, who grew impatient and took the thing to the courts; he "factorized" his pay. The Court ruled that Mr. Bernheimer should have Racinski's wages paid direct to him until the debt was cleared. The debt was forty-eight dollars. According to law, the landlord can factorize all of a man's wages for rent. Racinski worked for two weeks without a pay envelope; then he came into the office.

"I want see big boss," he said.

"He's busy just now; sit down."

For an hour and five minutes Racinski sat thinking visibly about his grievance. The concentration enlarged his eyes and caused him to bend his chin forward on his hand. Twice during the hour he shifted his position and held one hand tightly with the other. The employment manager came out of the office and said:

"What can I do for you?"

Racinski got up like a released trap and stood in front of the employment manager, who put his hands on the railing that divided him from the workmen. He opened his mouth to speak, and hesitated as if the words that he knew in American could hardly hold what he had to say.

Finally he began with great sullenness, "No pay, whatza matter, no pay?"

He followed this with a very obscure rendering in Anglo-Russian of his children's suffering and his own.

The employment manager knew the story of factorized pay. He said: "It is because you haven't paid your rent. They take your pay till your rent is paid. After that all right."

"No money buy food, buy clothes—my babies—"

"When you have paid your rent from your wages, you get money again."

"Give me pay," said Racinski.

"You have paid two weeks' rent already; after two weeks more you get pay again," said the employment manager.

Racinski was silent a long while. The words he had been hearing were obscure American; there was only one thing certain about them—they implied some

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sort of refusal. He lifted his chest and shoulders and returned to the attack. His voice was high.

"Me work two weeks—no pay—my baby no eat, me no eat three day—"

"I will look the matter up and see if we can't do something. Come and see me again."

The ideas in the wire-drawer's mind were very simple, conclusive ones. They were that his family was starving, that he had come for help and hadn't got it. One hand flew jerkily upward. He drew his fingers across his throat.

"You want kill me, I guess," he said, and left in a stumbling flight.

After the encounter the office sat a little stunned. Then the employment manager ran out in the street after the wire-drawer. He arranged to have his family fed by the Salvation Army.

Every few days the office and the loiterers in the garage experienced the thrill of seeing a man hired. One Monday we "took on" fifteen. They were picked out from "priority lists" we had been keeping for months. Out of a jammed outer office we nodded one by one to the fifteen. They came into the inner office quickly, half hopeful, half suspicious. Then came the ritual:

"Name?"

"Where you live?"

"How old?"

"Married?"

"How many children?"

They went out through a side door and through an iron gate into the street. Some of them held up the red pasteboard pass like a flag as they stepped into the crowd of devouring eyes.

The news of those fifteen jobs found its way to all parts of the city in innumerable ways. It went forth by scrap trucks going to the other mills, by delivery wagons passing strolling workmen, by women returning home from work, by workmen out early and going home on trolley cars. It went into New Poland, and New Naples, and New Russia, and before morning would certainly be noised abroad in adjoining towns. In a half-hour the street in front of the employment office was jammed with a crowd that began to interfere with traffic. I went out into the crowd.

"Say," said a man whom I used to see in the machine shop, "they tell me the company's taking on two hundred men this afternoon."

The employment manager came to the door and looked at the crowd.

"That's all," he said.

A BOYS' CAMP OF TO-MORROW

BY CHARLES K. TAYLOR

Any one at all interested in the all-around training of young Americans last summer would surely have approached Mountain Lake with the keenest kind of interest. For here was that amazing laboratory, that camp of experiments, where school-men, physical training experts, and the Army were co-operating for the first time, endeavoring to solve great questions presented by the boy of sixteen and seventeen—those vitally important ages of entrance into manhood.

No doubt there was some general kind of training that would grip the boy of this age group and aid in giving him a clean character, in making him an intelligent citizen, in giving him a good physique, and in developing such matters as self-discipline, resourcefulness, initiative, and a capacity for obedience as well as for leadership. A rather ambitious programme, but how infinitely worth while! The schools alone could not accomplish it; and then so many boys of sixteen and seventeen are no longer in school. The physical-training folk could not accomplish any such programme, despite the close relationship between physical and mental efficiency and the relationship of both to character. The Army could not do it at all, despite the hardy old colonels who would swear that the Army is the best school for the cultivation of all the graces of mind and body! By some marvel of fortune these three agencies were got together, and Camp Young America was the result.

You probably heard very little about it. Not a great deal was permitted to get into the press, but that little was quite enough to arouse one's curiosity. And so it was that the writer was impelled to visit Mountain Lake in time to observe the fifth and last week of the camp.

Hill country, with plenty of woods and water—what an appropriate place for boys! The camp site was admirably chosen, occupying, as it did, a broad and dry plateau sufficiently high above the level of the lake. Trees were all through the camp, and a solid mass of them hid the hills right behind it. All this struck one at once at first glance. It was evidently not the usual hot, dusty army camp. It was rather a "woodsy" kind of camp, with plenty of sun, to be sure, but plenty of welcome shade as well. As for the lake, it seemed clear and sparkling, with a good beach and numerous diving piers.

Upon entering the camp bounds my car, of a deservedly famous type, was held up by a very businesslike sentry, neat as a pin, who would not let me by until the corporal of the guard had looked me over.

No, I was not bringing in "smokes" or other contraband. Yes, I was expected by Major Sartorius. Fortunately, the Major's letter was at hand. The seventeen-year-old guardian scrutinized it severely, nodded his head, and I was in.

After passing several groups of tents—company groups, I learned they were called—there appeared a rustic bungalow with all the earmarks of a headquarters about it. Here another sentry was politely but firmly curious, but in a moment I was ushered into a bright, breezy office where interesting ideas were being evolved.

The room had three broad desks. At one sat a very obviously military personage with a major's decoration. At the next was another man in khaki, but with no military insignia. This was doubtless Dr. Nieman, the well-known educator. The third desk was occupied by a fine-looking man of handsome physique, wearing khaki "shorts," khaki woolen "sport" stockings, canvas rubber-soled shoes, and a sleeveless khaki jersey. When in addition I say that he had thick red hair and wore a black ribbon-guard on his glasses, you will recognize at once Dr. Henry Stark, our famous authority on physical training and no less famous sculptor.

"Glad to have you come," said the Major. "We have been very properly reticent up to this time, and I think we would do well to continue reticent, for, after all, one cannot accomplish very startling things in five weeks. But here and there we have run across an idea that seems to work. I believe we three have learned more than the boys." The others nodded emphatically.

"Well," continued Major Sartorius, "one understands more by seeing than by sitting here talking. Let's take our visitor in turns and tell him of our special interests." They agreed at once.

"You do the honors first, Major," said Dr. Nieman, smiling.

"Not at all," said the Major, "the school takes precedence."

"Oh, well," exclaimed Dr. Stark, laughing, "toss a coin, as usual, and have it over with." Whereupon they all laughed. A coin was produced, and the Major won the doubtful privilege, after all.

"Usual army luck," grinned the sculptor. "Well, go ahead, and don't tell him everything. Leave something for us."

We started for the nearest company group. "Quite true," said the Major in answer to my question. "Not one of us is the head. It is thoroughly a co-operation. I confess, I had my doubts at first. We West Point products are sometimes a little too sure about things concerning which we have had little or no experience. I learned in a hurry that handling boys is very different from handling men. In the beginning Dr. Nieman gave me a lecture on boy psychology, and I didn't believe half of what he said. Then he went and proved it. And I found, to my surprise, that there is more difference in

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characteristics and outlook between a boy of sixteen and one of eighteen than between eighteen and twenty-eight. I had planned, of course, to make this very much like the usual army training camp. But I planned without Messrs. Nieman and Stark, and, as the regulations for us provide that a majority rules, they outvoted me two to one on several cherished matters."

We strolled through the nearest company village. It was deserted. Also it was quite immaculate. The ground around the tents was in perfect order. We examined a few tents. Each cot was in order, and each boy's belongings. But those cots were certainly not regulation cots! I remarked as much, and the Major grinned.

"Those cots," said he, "represent the policy evolved by Dr. Nieman, abetted by some of the engineering folk. Their principle is this: We wish to develop resourcefulness and initiative. The usual military machine applied to boys at the formative age tends to destroy both. So this general rule was made—nothing would be done for a boy that he could do for himself, nothing provided for him that he could readily make. The manual-training experts said that with canvas and boards any sixteen-year-old boy could make a satisfactory cot in about forty-five minutes. So when they came our boys were given seven feet of canvas and shown the lumber-pile. Also they were given sketches and a photograph—one set per squad, each squad forming a tent group."

That accounted for the cots! Yet they were of sturdy design and obviously as comfortable as any army cot.

"They had to put up their own tents first," continued the Major. "Oh, no; they didn't find a nice camp waiting for them, all set up. When the boys were assigned to their companies and their companies to their areas, they found a pile of rolled-up tents and a pile of tent-poles. There were some almost painfully humorous incidents when the boys were getting the hang of those tents. And when they were more or less up there was an inspection by yours truly, in the usual deadly, cold, blood-curdling army fashion—you know."

"Yes, I know," was my sad reply. Even now I could cheerfully witness the hanging of one or two super-critical officers who made life a burden not so very long ago.

"So some tents came down, but in a couple of hours the company villages were ready for their citizens, and then they got to cot-making. The job began right after breakfast. By noon all was complete—tents up, cots made, with blankets correctly folded in their proper places."

It seemed to me that boys would take a keen interest in a camp they had helped make themselves.

"My forte," continued the Major, "is of course the military end of the programme. Well, we don't have much drill. Boys learn such things with amazing rapidity, and machine-like precision in drill is not especially valuable with lads of this age, though I once thought differently. Our drill does not take more than thirty minutes per day, though there was a little more in the beginning. You see, all we planned to do was to make possible a fairly presentable evening parade, and that we have done."

"Where did you get your non-coms?" I asked.

"We chose them from the boys as soon as any showed capacity," said he. "Our captains and lieutenants are mostly teachers, physical directors, and Scoutmasters who have seen service, and who also know a lot about boys. I'd like to get all the male teachers of boys into camps of this kind. Good both for the men and the boys. In this kind of camp the majority of officers should be school-men, men knowing boys, who have had army training. Boys differ from men, and so should be under men who know boys. This is something that many army folk did not realize until recently, and something the folks responsible for the 'Citizens' Camps' probably do not know even now, or they would never open a man's camp to lads of seventeen and sixteen. I need not criticise. I had to be taught myself." He laughed a little ruefully.

"Besides the drill, the only other purely military feature is the rifle work," continued the Major, "excepting, of course, our field engineering, which is our best and most interesting experiment. But we are keen for the rifle work. We use the Springfield mostly, though light-weight boys are likely to use a special light-weight gun—bolt action, of course. Boys pick up such things with singular rapidity. These five weeks have given us a large number of really excellent marksmen."

We now returned to the headquarters, and I commented on its attractiveness. "Yes," said he, "and it was designed and built by a platoon of juvenile engineers in about five days." When I showed astonishment, he laughed. "Wait till you have seen more of their work," said he.

I was now turned over to Dr. Nieman, who arose promptly and led me to a great field some hundreds of yards away, a field that bordered the lake. As we approached it there came the steady rattling of many hammers.

"The Major gave me an outline of your principles," said I, "but the military part of the programme seemed a little scant."

"Well, why shouldn't it be?" exclaimed he. "The most militaristic nations of Europe knew better than to make automata of adolescent boys. But a little of it is all right—fine! It helps. Our evening parade, with its flag ceremony, comes to mean a lot to a boy. And the amount of drill necessary for that performance is just enough—and no more. You will see. And now for our finest work. Behold!"

As we spoke we passed through a curtain of trees to the edge of an immense meadow, over which hundreds of youths in khaki were scattered. At first it was just a jumble of moving figures and lumber. Then it resolved itself into many little groups, each one actively engaged with some kind of structure In one part of the field stood several tripod observation towers, and two or three more went up as by magic as I watched. The Doctor nodded at my exclamation.

"Yes," said he, "I believe there is a match between regiments A and C in tower construction and erecting," said he. "The best company of A against the best company of C. Each squad makes a tower from rough materials—green timber and refuse from the dump. The record time for a thirty-foot tower, with platform, railing, and ladder, is, I believe, thirty minutes. There goes another tower!" He squinted his eyes. "A is on the left. They have, so far, five towers to three of C's. Smart work!" So it was.

Near at hand were two larger towers, made after the same fashion, and between them youths were swinging an aerial and simultaneously setting up wireless equipment on an improvised platform near one of them.

"Each regiment has its wireless fiends," said the Doctor. "They race each other getting up towers and aerials. Also they improvise all kinds of makeshifts when we have a war game," he continued, "and of course are in touch with Washington every now and then."

We began wandering about the field. Here several groups were putting up frames for different kinds of buildings. A thirty-foot-wide ravine was crossed by a veritable multitude of foot-bridges of all possible types.

"Those bridges are very familiar," said I, "and some of them, the bow-string span, for instance, not easy to make of green timber. It must take a lot of teaching and a big staff of instructors to accomplish such work in so short a time!"

"Not at all," said the Doctor, emphatically. "This work justifies what many educational psychologists have been claiming, and that is, that this particular age is the very best for developing a constructive capacity. Boys at this time have a real impulse toward building things and putting things together. Why not utilize it? I have found by tests that it is infinitely easier to teach engineering of this kind to boys of this age than to men of twenty-one."

"And as to teaching," he continued, "they need precious little—if you make a point of not giving it to them. That is part of our game. It quite horrified my good friend the Major at first when he found we were not going to stand over these youngsters and merely order them to do this and that, and so do all this work mechanically. No, sir. We sometimes showed them models, sometimes photographs or sketches, some-

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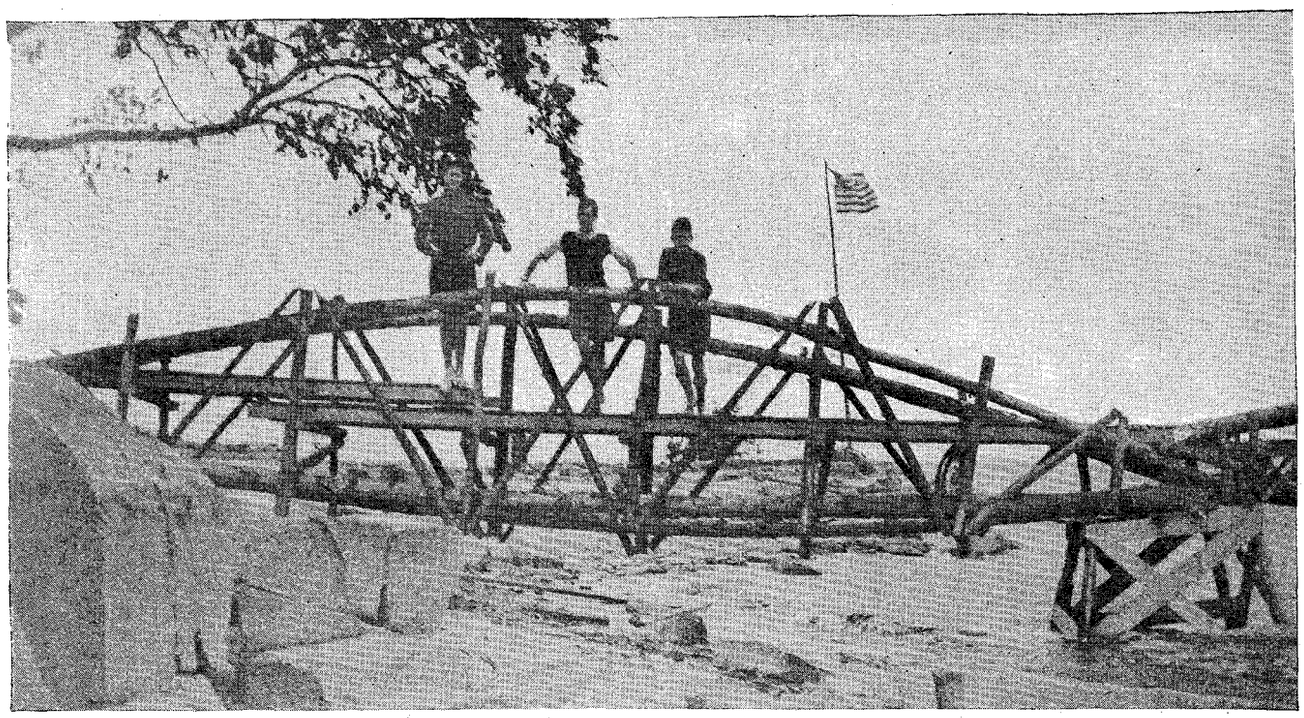

A 30-FOOT BOWSTRING SPAN MADE FROM ROUGH STUFF BY A SQUAD OF 16-YEAR-OLD BOYS—PROOF THAT THIS CAN BE DONE

times all three, and then told them to go to it. They had to make all kinds of things out of any material they could get—boards from the dump, green trees from the woods, and so on. We gave them the tools, and not too many of them. Do you see the result? Is not this performance certain to aid very directly in developing resourcefulness and initiative? Just as putting up their tents and manufacturing their cots began it."

"And yet you seem to accomplish this development of individual resourcefulness without losing control or discipline," I commented, for the hundreds of boys were obviously keeping steadily at their work, with no unnecessary noise or skylarking.

"Certainly we keep good discipline," declared the Doctor. "As a part of our teaching of citizenship, at the very beginning we showed unmistakably the necessary connection between co-operation, law and order, and personal liberty, and by the last, of course, we mean the liberty to do things that are worth while, for our benefit or pleasure, that do not interfere with the benefit and pleasure of others. They soon realized that such laws and regulations as we have are but rules of the game, making effective co-operation possible. After all, it is all very simple—that is, to all but the sentimental radicals, who are not interested in reasons, but only in feelings, and usually, to tell the truth, in feelings aroused because they cannot follow the dictates of all their emotions."

Passing through the field, we reached the shore, and there beheld a number of piers of various kinds extending into the water, most of them being adaptations of the foot-bridges seen in the ravine.

"Naturally, the boys wanted diving piers," said the Doctor," and of course we provided no piers of any kind. So they just built their own piers. Do you see what we are working at?"

It was only too obvious, and I had nothing but rather amazed compliments for the Doctor.

About this time a clear-voiced bugle blew. Others promptly took it up, and before I knew it the scattered squads merged into companies and the companies marched away, we following. Before long came the bugles again, and suddenly my whole digestive apparatus longed for the beans and the bacon sandwiches of ancient memory! It was that kind of bugle-call, you know.

A NEAR-BY company village showed the boys filing into the mess tent. "Guess I'll give you another experience," said the Doctor. That company commander was most hospitable. Certainly he would dig me up a mess kit and sit me with his boys—provided I preferred the boys' to the officers' mess, which were exactly alike, only the latter was a little more civilized. So I was given a complete outfit and put in charge of a strapping corporal—aged seventeen, and come a thousand miles, so he told me, to this camp.

Just like old times! There was the same old line for grub, but the grub was mighty fine grub, excellent in quality and bounteous, and everything clean beyond criticism. I made some such remark to my friend the corporal. "Huh!" said he, "you can bet those K.P.'s keep things clean! The fellows get that job in turns, and the outfit gets a gosh-awful inspection every now and then, and they keep a score, and companies that get inspection points have to provide K.P.'s to work in the kitchens of some other company! Isn't that the dog-gonest idea? Do you see that skinny K.P. over there? Sure, the one with the carrot hair. Well, he comes from D Company. They got 6 points in two days. We didn't get any. Can't get anything on us, though they come around with microscopes—almost!" The corporal's pride in his company's record is indescribable.

The table talk was healthily noisy, full of fun, of boyish "kidding," and of all that kind of joyous badinage that helps a boy get rid of his unsocial peculiarities and to gain a good temper as well as a power to take a joke with a laugh. I might add, too, that it was no little satisfaction to note that the conversation was invariably clean and that there was no profanity. I frankly asked the corporal how they managed that.

"Ho," declared he, wagging his head, "any buddy that talks smut here sure gets educated! A lot got educated the first week. The Major did it. He began it. No namby-pamby talks, but he-man stuff. We aren't much on swearing either. You see, the officers don't, and we fellows like to copy our officers. Our captain don't like it—swearin'. That's different from just cussin', you know. He don't like swearin', and what he don't like—well, we don't like either. You see, he's no end of a corking fellow."

Well, to tell the truth—and I didn't tell it out loud either—this wasn't like any army camp or mess of my experience.

Mess over, each boy washed his kit and washed it well, and then placed it on a long rack under his number.

"They dry in the air, you see," explained the corporal, "and of course it gives those birds something more to inspect." He gave his own kit a terrifying squint, examining every corner, then hung it in place and offered to take

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mine to his captain. "So long," said he, hospitably. "Come again."

"What did you learn at mess?" asked the Major a little while afterwards, when I joined the three leaders in their bungalow.

"Learned a lot, Major," said I, "and, in particular, that it is possible to have a big camp of young fellows and to have it thoroughly decent and clean in its talk. It's fine. But don't you feel it is a little unnatural, Major?"

"Unusual, I'm sorry to say," he replied; "but not unnatural. Boys are naturally decent, but, just as one would expect, they tend to imitate the men with whom they come in contact. Objectionable men are almost always the noisy ones, therefore the most conspicuous, and therefore the ones most likely to be imitated by boys. That is more boy psychology. The Doctor here explained it all long before the camp opened. I find he is right. Our men are decent and clean. Therefore the boys are, or become so. It works. It is a success. I think we are developing something worth while."

"You may be certain of it," I exclaimed, with enthusiasm.

"Well, we're not through with you yet," said the Major, gratified. "Dr. Stark may have something to show you. He gets most of his innings early in the morning and later on in the afternoon. Your turn, Doctor."

"COME in here first, and I'll show you something," said the Doctor, going into an adjoining office. Here were many small drawers of index cards. He pulled a drawer and took out a card at random. "Here," said he, "is the physical record of Private Elbert Jones, of Duluth, Minnesota. No faults noted by the medicos. And here are his physical measurements."

"Aren't physical measurements almost worthless?" I asked, disappointed. "I fear I have a real prejudice against them as far as their doing any possible good to the individual boy is concerned. When you have them, what do they mean? How can you tell whether a boy's measurements are what they should be or not? Well, I suppose you do the usual thing, and compare them with the average measurements, and say that a boy who is so old and so tall should weigh about so much and have certain measurements to correspond with his age and height. Most schools do that very thing. And yet, my dear Doctor, why *should* a boy have a certain approximate weight when he has a certain age and height? Perhaps he resembles a very slender father, and so is ten per cent or more below the average in weight. Does that mean he has malnutrition or something else malign? Not at all. It is as normal for some to be slender and others to be stocky as for still others to approach the general average. There is no earthly reason why only the 'average' type of build should be considered the healthy one."

The Doctor looked at me gravely and said nothing, so I continued my tirade.

"I suppose, before they go home, that you measure them all again. You find that some measurements have increased, and you doubtless note them all down as gains. How do you know they are real gains, and not merely increases due to normal growth? Yet that is what many schools do, note growth increases and term them 'gains.'"

Dr. Stark laughed very heartily. "Thank you," said he. "I never before heard so concise a summary of the objections to the usual kind of measuring. Well, first of all, we do *not* believe the average type to be the only proper one. Not at all. We say that if a boy is in good health, and not of the abominable purely 'fat' type, then his weight is correct, no matter what it is. We do believe it is normal for some to be very slender and others to be very stocky, with all gradations between. But we do demand that a boy be well-developed *for his type of build!*"

"Rational enough; but how do you work it?" I asked.

"Simply enough," said he. "Look, here are this boy's measurements. You see his height is 68 inches and his weight 135. Here are his various girths, and so on. Underneath them are proper measurements for boys of his height and weight. So, you see, he is judged according to his natural type of build. And as he goes above or below the standard points are added to, or subtracted from, 100. This boy has 85, having lost 10 on chest expansion and 5 on shoulder girth. That means something very definite to that boy. He will do his individual exercises in order to get rid of his minus quantities, achieve his hundred, or better. Some go much better."

"Well, that is first class," said I. "But how can you report *gains*, as different from normal growth increases?"

"Simply enough. A little time goes by. The boy is a little taller and a little heavier. All right. Up go the requirements to make as good a score as he made first. He must increase normally all over to retain his first score. If he gets a higher score, then he has really improved. The highest physical honor this camp gives is for percentage of physical improvement, though we give a fine one for physical perfection too. Now all this, you see, is individual work. Mass calisthenics are useful, but not enough for boys still in the flexible age, when a little individual work can mean so much."

I was surprised to find any individual work at all in the camp, and said so.

"It is an essential part of the game," said he, "and is given an extra appeal by being put on a competitive basis. They compete for improvement and fine physique by individuals and by companies. That is one part of our work. Another is mass calisthenics. There is just a touch of this, but it has a psychological value outside of the merely physical. It is disciplinary in a fine way too. Besides this, we have as many outdoor games and sports as facilities and schedule permit. We cannot do a lot in five weeks, but we do what is possible. As our mornings are given to specific training, such as engineering, map-making, signaling, first aid, sanitation, and the like, so much of the afternoon is given to physical training, largely under the guise of games and sports. At 4:30 comes the grand swim, and those who cannot swim are taught at all speed. From the swim almost to mess the boys have the time largely at their own disposal, and they are very likely then to take up specialties, such as wireless and the like. Then comes a few minutes of drill, just before mess, ending with a parade. After mess liberty for individual interests; then we have frequent 'movies' of a carefully selected type and talks concerning things worth while knowing. Taps at nine."

"I suppose you use those talks for teaching sex hygiene sometimes."

Dr. Stark's face promptly clouded. "I am not strong for this indiscriminate lecturing on sex hygiene. It is a delusion to think that a knowledge of so-called 'facts' will aid in giving a boy moral character. In fact, it is largely arrant nonsense, promulgated by faddists who know nothing of boy psychology. A thief knows all the 'facts' against stealing and the drunkard knows all the 'facts' against drinking, and the one will steal and the other thieve until their *ideals* change. Give a boy proper ideals, and you won't have to worry about sex hygiene. Ideals. They are what count most, and a lot of us sit up nights endeavoring to devise methods that will give our boys so high an idealism that clean living and thinking just follow naturally. With older men, yes, you can lecture them in groups. With boys, no. It is more of an individual affair, and sometimes obviously has to be done. But with the mass of boys—*ideals*. That's the secret—*ideals*."

I SPENT the afternoon, then, with Dr. Stark, who showed me all the many fine games and sports going on throughout the camp, and I saw the lake churned to foam when company by company the youngsters hurled themselves into the clear waters. And then I was shown a variety of things mentioned by the Doctor, and finally I ended on the parade-ground, saw a very snappy drill and a most beautiful evening parade, aided by an excellent band. There are few ceremonies so beautiful or appealing, from the marching and countermarching of the band to the coming down of the flag and the final marching by of the companies. And my time was at an end. With mess calls ringing cheerily in my ears the ancient flivver hurried me away for the ten miles to the diminutive station, where, in good time, came a train to take me regretfully away to stuffy cities and indifferent humanity.

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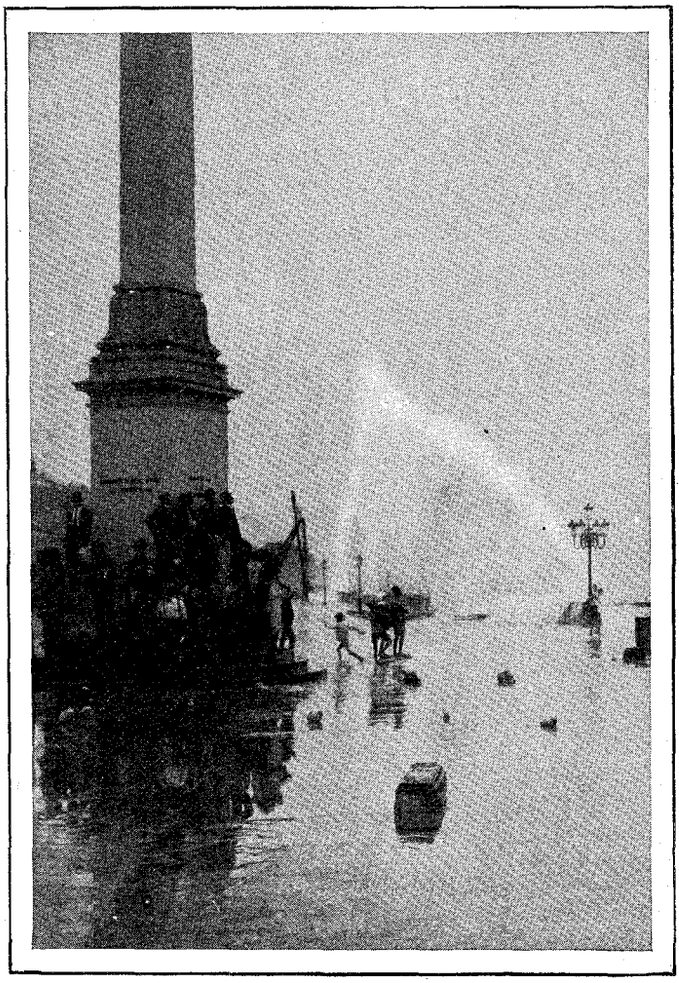
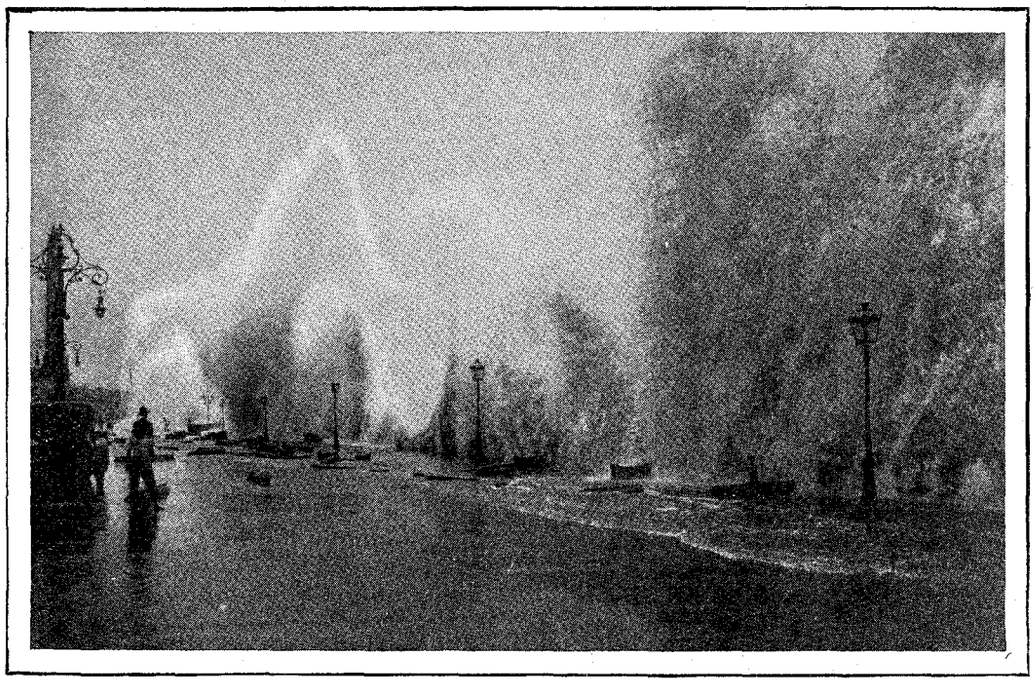
A BRAZILIAN TIDAL STORM

PICTURES FROM AN OUTLOOK READER



VIEW ON THE AVENIDA BEIRA-MAR, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL DRIVES IN THE WORLD, DURING THE "RESACA" OR TIDAL STORM

This storm occurs at Rio de Janeiro every five or six years, our informant says, and often causes heavy damage



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE RESACA FROM THE AVENIDA BEIRA-MAR

From Joseph F. Brown, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Photographs by Bippus

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THE BOOK TABLE

IN THE WILD WEST WITH ROOSEVELT[1]

AMONG the younger American writers the name of Hermann Hagedorn is rapidly coming into the front rank. He has written delightful poetry—not verse, but very true poetry—as readers of The Outlook have reason to know; he has tried his hand at least at one novel; and now he is welcomed among the company of historians by three eminent historical authorities of the United States: Professor William A. Dunning, of Columbia University; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard; and President John Grier Hibben, of Princeton.

How all this happened is a rather interesting story, and I propose to tell it even at the risk of seeming "to invade the sphere of private life," because it discloses the sources of that remarkable and energizing influence which Theodore Roosevelt brought to play—spontaenously, naturally, unconsciously—upon the life and spirit of younger men. This I have always thought was one of his finest traits and accomplishments, although to speak of this influence as an accomplishment is a misnomer. For Roosevelt, I am convinced, never deliberately set out to exert "a good influence" on anybody. He never said to himself, "Go to! I will inspire this youth to right living and high thinking." It would be as reasonable to imagine the sun saying, "Go to! I will shine upon a chilly world," or the southwest sea-breeze of Long Island musing, "Go to! I will fan a parched and panting shore." Possibly these analogies may seem a little strained to some readers. But those who actually felt the warmth of Roosevelt's sunniness and the refreshment of his breeziness will know what I mean.

Well, then, Hagedorn made his mark at Harvard, where he was graduated in 1907. His class poem, "The Troop of the Guard," received the unusual distinction among such compositions of obtaining popular reading and popular applause. But his art is the kind, like John Masefield's, that feeds on life rather than on letters. And so he was drawn to Roosevelt as a vivid and stirring phenomenon of American life. On the other hand, Roosevelt, who was deeply read in poetry and who never forgot his Alma Mater, although he never talked much about her, was interested in Hagedorn as a phenomenon of Harvard education. Under these circumstances it was not difficult to bring the two men together. And so in May, 1916, it happened that it was my privilege to take Hagedorn to Sagamore Hill, and there the two men met over the luncheon table—the middle-aged ex-President who had been a cow-puncher and the young poet who was to become a historian. They "took" to each other at once, and each talked with me about the meeting afterwards. Their conversation was about poetry, politics, patriotism, polo, Pan-Americanism, preparatory schools, and all sorts of other things from a to izzard. The poet was delighted to find a robust American who was alleged to carry a "big stick" and who yet could quote Keats with accuracy and affection; the ex-cattle-ranger was delighted to find a poet to whom a cowboy was as truly a part of the great poem of life as a primrose by a river's brim. Roosevelt did not live to read Hagedorn's "Medora Nights," a group of poems which first appeared, I may add in passing, in The Outlook, but if he had he might perhaps have had the pleasure of realizing that that luncheon talk inspired such lines as these:

It rains here when it rains an' it's
hot here when it's hot,
The real folks is real folks which city
folks is not.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Photographed in The Outlook office by H. H. Moore

The dark is as the dark was before
the stars was made;
The sun is as the sun was before
God thought of shade;
An' the prairie an' the butte-tops an'
the long winds when they blow,
Is like the things what Adam knew
on his birthday, long ago.

"It was Mr. Roosevelt himself," says Mr. Hagedorn, "who gave me the impulse to write this book, and it was the letters of introduction which he wrote early in 1918 which made it possible for me to secure the friendly interest of the men who knew most about his life on the ranch and the range. 'If you want to know what I was like when I had bark on,' he said, 'you ought to talk to Bill Sewall and Merrifield and Sylvane Ferris and his brother Joe.'"

After Roosevelt's death came Hagedorn's opportunity; the Roosevelt Memorial Association was founded, and he became its Executive Secretary; and under the auspices of that Association he went into what was once the "Wild

[1] Roosevelt in the Bad Lands. By Hermann Hagedorn. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Being the first volume of the publications of The Roosevelt Memorial Association, Incorporated. $5.

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West" country and traversed the Bad Lands, the *mauvaises terres* of the early French explorers, in which Roosevelt, with headquarters at the little Dakota hamlet of Medora, had lived, hunted, ranged, adventured, and fought for law and order nearly thirty-five years before. "The letters Roosevelt had given me," says Hagedorn, "unsealed the lips of the men who for thirty-five years had steadily refused to reveal to 'newspaper fellers' the intimate story of the romantic life they had shared with the man who became President of the United States. From Dickinson, North Dakota, came Sylvane Ferris; from Terry, Montana, came 'Joe' Ferris; from Somers, Montana, came 'Bill' Merrifield; and, on their old stamping ground along the Little Missouri, unfolded, bit by bit, the four years of Roosevelt's active ranching life. . . . On the ruins of the Maltese Cross cabin and under the murmuring cottonwoods at Elkhorn they spun their joyous yarns. Apart from what they had to tell, it was worth traveling two-thirds across the continent to come to know these figures of an heroic age. . . .

"In the course of this most grateful of labors I have myself come to know something of the life that Roosevelt knew thirty-five years ago—the hot desolation of noon in the scarred butte country; the magic of dawn and dusk when the long shadows crept across the coulees and woke them to unexpected beauty; the solitude of the prairies that have the vastness without the malignancy of the sea. I have come to know the thrill and the dust and the cattle odors of the round-up; the warm companionship of the ranchman's dinner table; such profanity as I never expect to hear again; singing and yarns and hints of the tragedy of prairie women; and, at the height of a barbecue, the appalling intrusion of death. I have felt in all its potency the spell which the 'short grass country' cast over Theodore Roosevelt; and I cannot hear the word Dakota without feeling a stirring in my blood."

These experiences and these pictures of a bygone phase of American life Hagedorn has woven into a dramatic but calmly flowing narrative of absorbing interest. The literary skill with which this is done is unobtrusive, but of the highest quality. The book is not a biography; it is not a eulogium; it is a vivid but perfectly natural moving picture of the Wild West in which the figure of Theodore Roosevelt weaves in and out, although he is by no means the only figure in the picture of deep human interest.

One of the earmarks of Hagedorn's skill is that as he unfolds the tale he rarely comments or explains or interprets. He lets the actors tell their own story and make their own impression. To illustrate what I mean let me quote three incidents of the scores which the book contains.

The first is of Hell-Roaring Bill Jones:

It was there that he came to know Hell-Roaring Bill Jones. Bill Jones was a personage in the Bad Lands. He was, in fact, more than that. He was (like Roosevelt himself) one of those rare beings who attain mythical proportions even in their lifetime and draw about themselves the legendry of their generation. Bill Jones was the type and symbol of the carefree negation of moral standards in the wild little towns of the frontier, and men talked of him with an awe which they scarcely exhibited toward any symbol of virtue and sobriety. He said things and he did things which even a tolerant observer, hardened to the aspect of life's seamy side, might have felt impelled to call depraved, and yet Bill Jones himself was not depraved. He was, like the community in which he lived, "free an' easy." Morality meant no more to him than grammar. He outraged the one as he outraged the other, without malice and without any sense of fundamental difference between himself and those who preferred to do neither.

The air was full of tales of his extraordinary doings, for he was a fighter with pistols and with fists and had an ability as a "butter" which was all his own and which he used with deadly effect. What his history had been was a secret which he illuminated only fitfully. It was rumored that he had been born in Ireland of rather good stock, and in the course of an argument with an uncle of his with whom he lived had knocked the uncle down. Whether he had killed him the rumors failed to tell, but the fact that Bill Jones had found it necessary "to dust" to America, under an assumed name, suggested seevral things. Being inclined to violence, he naturally drifted to that part of the country where violence seemed to be least likely to have serious consequences. By a comic paradox, he joined the police force of Bismarck. He casually mentioned the fact one day to Roosevelt, remarking that he had left the force because he "beat the Mayor over the head with his gun one day."

"The Mayor, he didn't mind it," he added, "but the Superintendent of Police guessed I'd better resign."

He was a striking-looking creature, a man who could turn dreams into nightmares, merely by his presence in them. He was rather short of stature, but stocky and powerfully built, with a tremendous chest and long, apelike arms, hung on a giant's shoulders. The neck was a brute's, and the square protruding jaw was in keeping with it. His lips were thin, his nose was hooked like a pirate's, and his keen black eyes gleamed from under the bushy black eyebrows like a grizzly's from a cave. He was not a thing of beauty, but, at the back of his unflinching gaze, humor in some spritely and satanic shape was always disporting itself, and there was, as Lincoln Lang described it, "a certain built-in look of drollery in his face," which made one forget its hardness.

He was feared and, strange to say, he was loved by the very men who feared him. For he was genial, and he could build a yarn that had the architectural completeness of a turreted castle, created out of smoke by some imaginative minstrel of hell. His language on all occasions was so fresh and startling that men had a way of following him about just to gather up the poppies and the nightshade of his exuberant conversation.

As Will Dow later remarked about him, he was "an awfully good man to have on your side if there was any sassing to be done."

Roosevelt was not one of those who fed on the malodorous stories which had gained for their author the further sobriquet of "Foul-mouthed Bill;" but he rather liked Bill Jones. It happened one day, in the *Cowboy* office, that June, that the genial reprobate was holding forth in his best vein to an admiring group of cowpunchers.

Roosevelt, who was inclined to be reserved in the company of his new associates, endured the flow of indescribable English as long as he could. Then, suddenly, in a pause, when the approving laughter had subsided, he began slowly to "skin his teeth."

"Bill Jones," he said, looking straight into the saturnine face, and speaking in a low, quiet voice, "I can't tell why in the world I like you, for you're the nastiest-talking man I ever heard."

Bill Jones's hand fell on his "six-shooter." The cowpunchers, knowing their man, expected shooting. But Bill Jones did not shoot. For an instant the silence in the room was absolute. Gradually a sheepish look crept around the enormous and altogether hideous mouth of Bill Jones. "I don't belong to your outfit, Mr. Roosevelt," he said, "and I'm not beholden to you for anything. All the same, I don't mind saying that mebbe I've been a little too free with my mouth."

They became friends from that day.

Roosevelt was a most delightful table talker. Any meal, however elaborate, however simple, was sure to be enlivened by his presence. He had a wholesome appetite but he was not exacting about his food—talk was the *pièce de résistance* of his bill of fare, and he took care to surround himself with men who could carry on worthwhile talk. This was true of his life in the White House; it was true of his ranching life when he was less than thirty years old:

> At the Maltese Cross there was a steady stream of callers. One of them, a hawk-eyed, hawk-nosed cowpuncher named "Nitch" Kendley, who was one of the first settlers in the region, arrived one day when Roosevelt was alone.
>
> "Come on in," said Roosevelt, "and we'll have some dinner. I can't bake biscuits, but I can cook meat. If you can make the biscuits, go ahead, and I will see what I can do for the rest of the dinner."
>
> So "Nitch" made the biscuits and put them in the oven, and Roosevelt cut what was left of a saddle of venison and put it in a pan to fry. Then the two cooks went outdoors, for the

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cabin was small and the weather was hot.

Roosevelt began to talk, whereupon "Nitch," who had ideas of his own, began to talk also with a fluency which was not customary, for he was naturally a taciturn man. They both forgot the dinner. "Nitch" never knew how long they talked.

They were brought back into the world of facts by a smell of burning. The cabin was filled with smoke, and "you could not," as "Nitch" subsequently remarked, "have told your wife from your mother-in-law three feet away." On investigation it proved that "Nitch's" biscuits and Roosevelt's meat were burned to cinders.

Merrifield and Sylvane were out after deer, and Roosevelt and his companion waited all afternoon in vain for the two men to return. At last, toward evening, Roosevelt made some coffee, which, as "Nitch" remarked, "took the rough spots off the biscuits."

"If we'd talked less," reflected "Nitch," "we'd have had more dinner."

Roosevelt laughed. He did not seem to mind the loss of a meal. "Nitch" was quite positive that he was well repaid. They went on talking as before.

One of Roosevelt's outstanding traits was his capacity to make friends among all sorts and conditions of men, and, when made, to command their respect as well as their personal attachment:

> The moral tone of the round-up camp seemed to Roosevelt rather high. There was a real regard for truthfulness, a firm insistence on the sanctity of promises, and utter contempt for meanness and cowardice and dishonesty and hypocrisy and the disposition to shirk. The cowpuncher was a potential cattle-owner and good citizen, and if he went wild on occasion it was largely because he was so exuberantly young. In years he was generally a boy, often under twenty. But he did the work of a man, and he did it with singular conscientiousness and the spirit less of an employee than of a member of an order bound by vows, unspoken but accepted. He obeyed orders without hesitation, though it were to mount a bucking bronco or "head off" a stampede. He worked without complaint in a smother of dust and cattle fumes at temperatures ranging as high as 136 degrees; or, snow-blinded and frozen, he "rode line" for hours on end when the thermometer was fifty or more below zero. He was in constant peril of his life from the horns of milling cattle or the antics of a "mean" horse. Roosevelt was immensely drawn to the sinewy, hardy, and self-reliant adventurers; and they in turn liked him.
>
> Life in the camps was boisterous and the language beggared description. The practical jokes, moreover, which the cowboys played on each other were not such as to make life easy for the timid. "The boys played all kinds of tricks," remarked Merrifield long after; "sometimes they'd stick things under the horses' tails and play tricks of that kind an' there'd be a lot of hilarity to see the fellow get h'isted into the air; but they never bothered Mr. Roosevelt. He commanded everybody's respect."
>
> They did play one joke on him, however, but it did not turn out at all as they expected.
>
> Roosevelt's hunting proclivities were well known, for he never missed an opportunity, even on the round-up, to wander up some of the countless coulees with a rifle on his shoulder after deer, or to ride away over the prairies after antelope; and the cowpunchers decided that it would be rather good fun to send him on a wild-goose chase. So they told him with great seriousness of a dozen antelope they had seen five or six miles back, suggesting that he had better go and get one.
>
> He "bit," as they knew he would, and, in spite of the fact that he had had a hard day on the round-up, saddled a horse and rode off in the direction which they had indicated. The cowboys speculated as to the language he would use when he came back.
>
> He was gone several hours, and he had two antelope across his saddle-bow when he rode back into camp.
>
> "I found them all right," he cried, "just a quarter-mile from where you said."
>
> There was a shout from the cowboys. By general consent the joke was declared as not to be on the "four-eyed tenderfoot."
>
> Most of the men sooner or later accepted Roosevelt as an equal, in spite of his tooth-brush and his habit of shaving; but there was one man, a surly Texan, who insisted on "picking on" Roosevelt as a dude. Roosevelt laughed. But the man continued, in season and out of season, to make him the butt of his gibes.
>
> It occurred to the object of all this attention that the Texan was evidently under the impression that the "dude" was also a coward. Roosevelt decided that, for the sake of general harmony, that impression had better be corrected at once.
>
> One evening, when the man was being particularly offensive, Roosevelt strode up to him.
>
> "You're talking like an ass!" he said sharply. "Put up or shut up! Fight now, or be friends!"
>
> The Texan stared, his shoulder dropped a little, and he shifted his feet. "I didn't mean no harm," he said. "Make it friends."
>
> They made it friends.

With Roosevelt friendship always naturally developed into leadership:

> While the round-up was camped at Andrews Creek an incident occurred which revealed Roosevelt's influence over the cowpunchers, not alone of his own "outfit." Andrews Creek was not more than a mile from Medora, and after the day's work was done, the cowboys naturally adjourned with much enthusiasm to that oasis for the thirsty. As the evening wore on, the men, as "Dutch Wannigan" remarked long afterward, "were getting kinda noisy." Roosevelt, who had also ridden to town, possibly to keep an eye on "the boys," heard the commotion, and, contrary to his usual habit, which was to keep out of such centers of trouble, entered the saloon where the revelry was in progress.
>
> "I don't know if he took a drink or not," said "Dutch Wannigan" afterward. "I never saw him take one. But he came in and he paid for the drinks for the crowd. 'One more drink, boys,' he says. Then, as soon as they had their drinks, he says, 'Come on,' and away they went. He just took the lead and they followed him home. By gollies, I never seen anything like it!"

"Roosevelt in the Bad Lands" is a kind of epitome of the social and civic evolution of this continent. In it you see exactly how the early explorers and pioneers fought for life and property against the forces of nature, predatory animals, the native savage, and the savage instincts of their own neighbors and competitors; you see the germs of civilization—is it too much to call them the heaven-born germs of civilization?—gradually emerging; you see the leaders of violence and selfishness and the leaders of law, order, and community organization struggling for mastery; and you take courage in your belief that there is a prophylactic power in moral character.

All this may be said of the book with the more confidence because it is indorsed by the three historians mentioned at the beginning of this article. Professors Dunning, Hart, and Hibben were not a perfunctory committee; they went at their responsible task in the Missouri spirit; they wanted "to be shown;" they insisted, I am told, and rightly insisted, in passing upon documentary or personal evidence for every incident or statement of fact which the book contains. And after this critical examination they say:

> Three are the essentials of the good biographer—historic sense, common sense, and human sense. To the mind of the Committee, Mr. Hagedorn has put into service all three of these senses. Every writer of history must make himself an explorer in the materials out of which he is to build. To the usual outfit of printed matter, public records, and private papers, Mr. Hagedorn has added an unexpected wealth of personal memories from those who were part of Roosevelt's first great adventure in life. The book is a thoroughgoing historical investigation into both familiar and remote sources.
>
> The common sense of the work is in its choice of the things that counted in the experience of the ranchman, hunter, and citizen of a tumultuous commonwealth. All the essential facts are here, and also the incidents which gave them life. Even apart from the central figure, the book reconstructs one of the most fascinating phases of American history.

This is high but not extravagant praise. The result is that this modest and unobtrusive masterpiece may be read with equal interest by those who merely love vivid stories of adventure and those who desire to comprehend the economic and social fiber out of which the life of this singular and amazing Republic of ours is woven.

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT.

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'ROM THE MAIL BAG

'HREE FARMERS RESPOND TO A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

I

EFERRING to the heading which you gave the letter from "A Farmer's ife" in your issue of December 21, I ust answer your question "Please, Mr. id Mrs. Farmer, Are We as Bad as All his? If So, Tell Us What, When, and hy?" in the affirmative. If I could end some time in reading your back umbers, I could then tell you "when." ut I can safely say that the "when" very often. "Why" is not for me to swer.

First let me say that I am a farmer, eaning a man who earns his money by rming only. I am earning a living for y family and educating my children y the actual operation of a farm. Moreer, the only assistance I had in first uying the farm was the savings from even or eight years of city life—less an a thousand dollars. I am explicit ecause I don't wish to be confused with any who call themselves farmers, but ho merely play at farming with money erived from other sources. They reemble writers who for a brief period of me disguise themselves as servant, ctory hand, or store clerk for the sake f getting copy, and then flatter themelves with having acquired the point of iew.

For thirty years The Outlook has been y favorite magazine. Either by exhange or by subscription I have always anaged to get it. For twenty-five ears of my farm life many magazines ave come and gone, but The Outlook lways has been and still is my favorite. ecause I want to study one subject for few years I have stopped my subscripons to all magazines except The Outok, the Sunday edition of the New ork "Times," and certain farm papers. continue The Outlook because I think at you record the important happenigs of the world with clearer vision except in one particular) than most eriodicals. The Sunday edition of the ew York "Times" gives me the world's nancial news from the "New York" oint of view. It is needless to say that at point of view is not my own.

I have written in this personal way in rder that you may know from what osition I judge you.

Farmers have learned to expect two ings from the press, particularly from e metropolitan press—a complete lack f understanding of the farmer, his roblems and his rights, and advice hich would be funny if its constant epetition did not make it tragic. I adit that The Outlook rarely gives us dvice, but as far as understanding is oncerned I know of no periodical more onspicuous for the lack of it, unless it the New York "Times." As the Farmer's Wife" says, "from Lyman bbott down" your writers are all guilty f this lack of understanding. While our attitude does not seem to me "ar-

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of your teeth—combat the film

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CONTEST NUMBER FIVE

The Best Advertisement

WHAT advertisement printed in The Outlook during 1921 do you consider the best? Explain why you find it the most impressive. What was its effect upon you? For the best answers we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

Advertising is a powerful force. Its educational values are subtle and extensive. Its effects on personal development, family life, and social customs are often lasting and profound. Perhaps you have been most influenced by reading an advertisement of a book, a course of study, a service, or a commodity. Describe the significance to you of the best recent advertisement in The Outlook.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.

2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.

3. Limit your letter to 500 words of average length.

4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before January 23, 1922.

5. We reserve the right to purchase for publication desirable letters not winning prizes.

6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.

7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges.

Address all letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

FROM THE MAIL BAG (*Continued*)

rogant" or "contemptuous," your attitude, that of the city man, is unquestionably one of superiority. Perhaps it could not be otherwise, as the farmer is always depicted on the stage, the screen and in the comic part of the press as illiterate, awkward, and uncouth. Such constant representation cannot but have its effect upon even the educated mind. I am thinking of the film "'Way Down East," which, I presume, was no attempt to ridicule the farmer. Yet the "city man" director could not depict a farm dinner table without uncouth manners—so uncouth that the most transient and poorest class of farm labor could not help seeing their absurdity. Another example of this common lack of understanding was the Industrial Congress called by President Wilson. The farmer represented the largest business and nearly one-third of the country's wealth. Yet three farmer delegates only sat in that Congress. Just now the city business world is agitated to its depths by a "Farmers' Bloc" in Congress, forgetting that there has always been a "Business Bloc" functioning there. To make my position clear, I am not in favor of much of the legislation asked by the "Farmers' Bloc." But why not a "Farmers' Bloc"? There has always been a "Southern Bloc," a "High Tariff Bloc," etc.

I am not writing this with any hope that you will or can change your point of view. I wish simply to say with some amusement and little bitterness that you really are hopelessly ignorant of the largest and most fundamental of all the enterprises of this great country. The depths of the canyons in which your labor have obscured your vision in one direction at least, and, while I should be pleased to note an improvement, I do not look for it.

Yes, I shall continue as a subscriber.

A FARMER.

II

"PLEASE, Mr. and Mrs. Farmer, are we as bad as all this?" And we answer, Yes, guilty by neglect rather than by willful intentions.

When Howard Murray Jones by his admirable rhetoric drew down your $50 prize with his Contest Letter of March 2, 1921, you failed to heed him when he said: "The Outlook, like the vast majority of papers, has failed to interpret the thirty-five million farm dwellers to the seventy million town and city dwellers. . . . But now a fourth estate, a rural estate, is rising into organized and embittered self-consciousness. Right here lies The Outlook's next job: Make the seventy million urbanites know, and therefore appreciate, the thirty-five million farmers who, often amid physical discomforts and social deprivations, toil early and late to feed the multitudes enjoying the opulence and splendor of our American cities."

In The Outlook number of April 20, 1921, under the heading, "Opulence and Splendor," we could but feel that The Outlook shared with Mr. Tedman and

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Mr. Cordeal the sentiments therein expressed when Mr. Cordeal said: "But have we not the right to ask that the farmer, on his part, appreciate that we who eat his food, provide him with comforts and luxuries?" I do not mean any impertinence, but who are "we"? We produce for one another, not for the farmer or any other class or person. Let the farmer produce his food, let Mr. Tedman produce his brogues, let Mr. Cordeal produce his pleasures, and who will survive the longest? But that is not the question. There is an economic disturbance, and Mr. Jones says it is "The Outlook's Next Job" to help remedy the matter.

A year ago a Southern lady wrote The Outlook saying that she was getting but five cents per pound for cotton in the lint, or two and a half cents in the seed, and that she paid two cents per pound for picking. It was at this time that I stepped into a local store and priced a very ordinary pair of overalls. "Three dollars and a half," replied the merchant. And when I reminded him that before the World War, with cotton at about the same price, such goods could have been purchased for about six bits, the merchant's wife reminded me that it was the "labor" that made the price of those pants so high. And I could but ask, "Whose labor?" I, a farmer, pay $3.50 for that pair of overalls. The man who did all the labor to grow that cotton, also a farmer, gets ten cents of that money for his cotton. "We," the Tedmans and Cordeals, get the $3.40. And I too exclaim with The Outlook, "What, when, and why" should that be? And a thousand voices answer, "Co-operate," and an echo from the city answers, "What shall *we* do?"

For twenty years the farmers of North Dakota and the adjoining States were held in the grip of a sixty to ninety day banking system on the one side and a manipulated grain market on the other side. "Co-operate," as now, became the popular cry, and the farmers asked, What, when, and how shall we co-operate? And "the voice as one from the wilderness," beginning with the letter T, answered their cry and said, "I will show thee how." The Outlook,[1] and the public generally, only saw the big result, not thinking that there must have been a cause. Now those farmers are thrust back to where they were twenty years ago. And their problem has not been solved.

Just one more illustration: When the recent war was on, the cattle growers of the West were admonished by the general press not to sell their "calf

[1] We quote below, without comment, a brief extract from an article by W. C. Gregg on the Dakota situation which appeared in our issue of October 12, 1921. Mr. Gregg is a director of the Outlook Company.

"There is little doubt that the elevator companies were in agreement on wheat prices, and still are; that the price they gave the farmers was less than such a staple article should bring. When they reduced the grade and deducted the weight of refuse (seeds and shriveled wheat) without allowing anything for the value of the refuse. Neither would they return it to the farmer on demand. Add to these high-handed proceedings an 'If you don't like it you know where to go' attitude, and you have the first and underlying cause of the quarrel in North Dakota."—THE EDITORS

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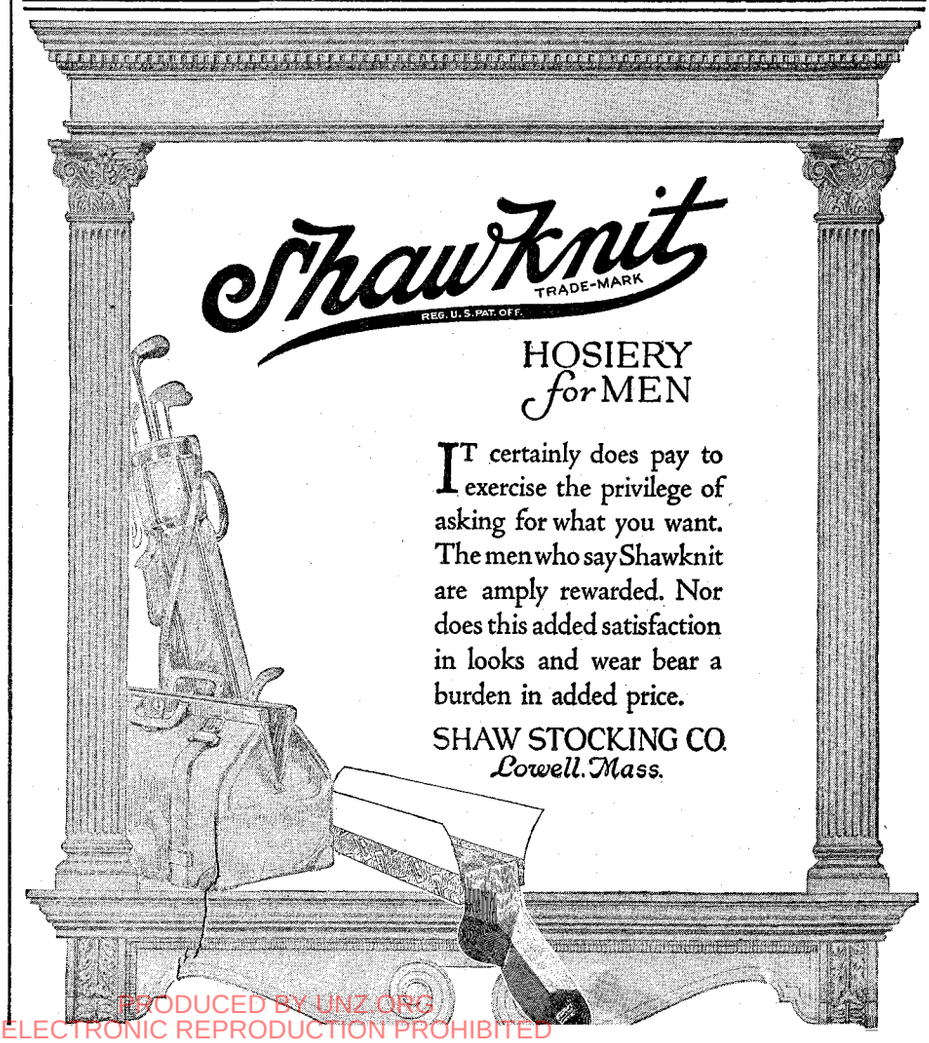
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FROM THE MAIL BAG

(Continued)

crop," as was their general custom, and those ranchmen patriotically held those cattle over. How did they hold those calves over? By going to the banks and borrowing sixty and ninety day money with which to make it possible. The following winter was one of the worst that they had had for years throughout the whole range country. Alfalfa hay, the only hay available, was $30 to $40 per ton and oil cake was $60 to $80 per ton. Those cattlemen renewed their loans and borrowed more money to tide them over. In the Southwest the range, the following summer, was good and their cattle did splendidly. In the Northwest they had but litle, if any, rain the whole summer and had to move their cattle. To move them they must sell or borrow more money. The war was over and money close, and the bankers said, "We must have our money." We all know the result. The market was demoralized—purposely or otherwise. All those cattlemen lost heavily and hundreds went broke and out of business. What a shameful economic waste! What a sacrifice to the individuals and their families! I wrote The Outlook and the Kansas City "Post," describing as best I could the deplorable situation. Neither paper gave heed nor mention. I surmise the reason why. Who was that man at Rossville, and where was Rossville?

My boy came back from the Great War, for which I am truly thankful. He is on the ranch down in New Mexico enduring all manner of "physical discomforts and social deprivations" while I am still "carrying on" to the tune of $5,700. "Which, when, and why?" And the important thing of all—will there be an answer?

'Tis true, after we have suffered such an economic waste and private loss, the War Finance Board has provided one billion dollars to relieve a situation which could and should have been avoided. Good and bad seasons will come and go, as before. Live stock and agricultural products must be grown to feed the Nation. Must it continue with like disasters?

SIMON.

Rossville, Kansas.

III

YOUR issue of December 21 contains a letter from A Farmer's Wife which incites me to reply in defense of The Outlook. Mrs. Farmer's letter is full of general statements, but makes no definite charges. She has certainly failed to read many of the recent numbers of The Outlook which have contained articles of general interest to farmers and any one who desires to be informed on farming conditions.

If this lady expects Dr. Abbott to tell her how to repair her tractor, how to feed her cows or doctor a sick pig, I do blame her for finding fault. But she does not complain of such omission, and if she did the criticism would be unjust, for there are scores of farm papers printing such articles every month.

Of course farmers are not all as well off this year as they should be. But in many cases it is their own fault. Last spring all the farm papers and farm associations advised planting less corn, with the result that many farmers, thinking that the high price for corn would continue and that the farm paper editors didn't know what they were talking about, put in more corn than usual, and a large crop brought the price below the cost of production. Those that used common sense, raising hay, resting their land, and producing hogs enough to consume their own crop, find themselves in a comfortable financial position.

Again, an educated man, no matter how he makes his living, wishes to know about other things besides the sorry condition of the farmer. I enjoy reading about the great events of the world, of the books and music produced in New York. All these things The Outlook gives me, and I hope it will continue to do as it has done. There are great men everywhere, and the editors of The Outlook seem to me to give due credit to all classes of people.

ZENAS SPICER.

Monmouth, Illinois.

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